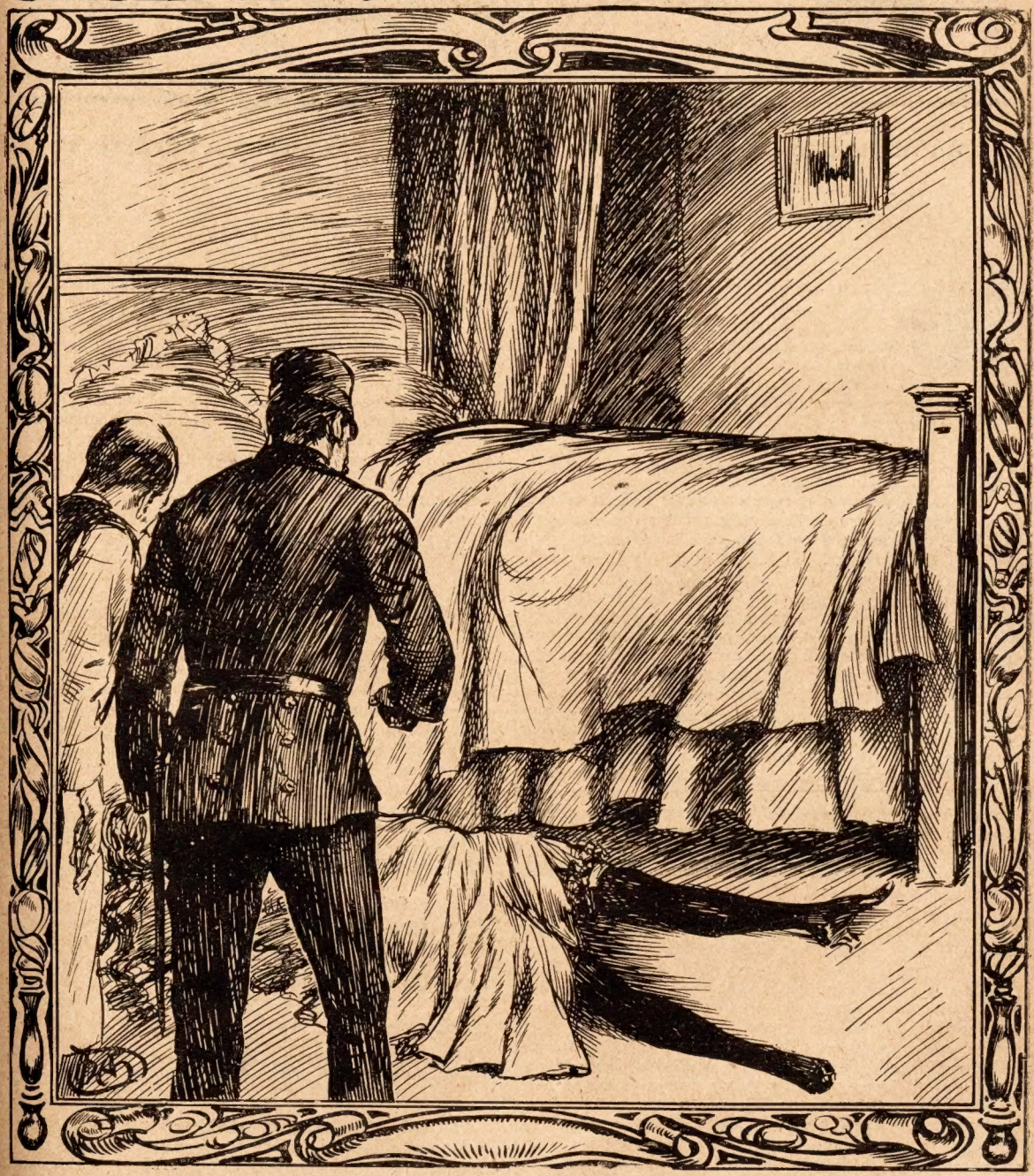
POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION · EDITED BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY



A TERRIBLE SIGHT MET HIS EYES.

(See the Story of "Prado, the Aristocrat.")

Vol. VII.—No. 81.

An Account of one of the most Malignant and Mysterious Murderers of Modern Times.

"Murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear."

—SHAKESPEARE, "Macbeth," Act III., Sc. 4.

IT has often been remarked, by those who have made the study of the criminal and his doings their particular hobby, how one undiscovered murder is invariably followed by one or more similar outrages; how if a great coup is brought off successfully by the burgling fraternity other important feats of housebreaking follow in its train; how the forger who sets a fictitious name to a piece of paper thereby starts an epidemic of fraud which must run its course. Nothing is more true than that one crime begets others.

Looking back over the great criminal periods of the last century one cannot help noticing how the diary for the years 1886 and 1887 is scored over with the blood-red trails of the murderer. In France especially those years are memorable for the number of assassinations, some of which remain mysteries to this day, which attracted the attention of the police. At first only a few of these murders were brought home to their perpetrators, but time fortunately revealed the authors of many of the others which were at first entered in the Black Book at the French Police Headquarters as being committed by "unknowns."

In this last category was inscribed a curious case which formed the first important entry in the year 1886. On the morning of January 15 a gendarme was called to a house in the Rue Caumartin, in Paris, and informed that the concierge could not open the door of a certain room, nor could an answer be obtained from the occupant, though it was known that she had not left the premises. With that the constable put his brawny shoulder against the door, and with a couple of powerful heaves burst it in. Then a terrible sight met his eyes.

On the ground lay the body of a pretty young demi-mondaine, dressed only in her chemise, corset, and stockings, and from the fact that one garter was undone, it was clear that she had been disturbed while undressing. Her throat was cut from ear to ear by some sharp implement, and that great force had been used was patent, for the poor creature's head was nearly severed from her body, the great gaping wound extending right down to the vertebra. All around her was a pool of blood which had formed into great clotted lumps, and her dainty drapery was covered with the same ruddy fluid. The lace at the neck of her chemise was torn and bore evidence of having been rudely clutched by some strong hand, while on her right shoulder was a bloody mark as if the gore-stained hand of the assassin had brushed against it.

All ideas of suicide were speedily removed by the position of the body, which lay on its back with the right arm doubled under it and the left extended. On neither hand was there the least trace of blood save a few splashes on the back of the left wrist, which looked as if they had been made by drops from a dripping knife. No weapon of any kind was to be found in the room. The assassin, whoever he was, had obviously come upon the girl suddenly while she was preparing for bed, had seized her from behind, cut her throat in the ghastly fashion described, and then walked round to the washhand-stand on the left of his victim, washed his hands, and while doing so laid his blood-stained weapon down beside the basin. From the mark it left it was probably a razor. Then probably the murderer cleaned the implement with which he had just committed such a fearful crime, and went out, locking the door behind him.

A few inquiries made by the police established the fact that the victim was a young woman of the streets named Marie Agaetan. She was quite a pretty girl, and was said to ply her unspeakable trade among the better class of Parisians; indeed, with her face and figure, she could command almost any price she asked for. Little was known of her save that she was generally liked by those who knew her at all, was regarded more as a devotee of her passions than a seeker after money, and was not known to have a single enemy. It was certain, however, that at various times she had received a considerable amount of jewellery from her more wealthy admirers, all of which was kept in her rooms, and none of which could be found after her cruel death.

French police are not unlike their English colleagues in the point that they are unwilling to appear at a loss, and it is not surprising, therefore, that a number of arrests followed the discovery of the crime. Suspect after suspect, however, proved that it was perfectly impossible for them to have had anything to do with the cowardly murder, and release followed as a matter of course. Then the murder was entered on the "unknown" list, together with that of the Prefect Barrème, who had been slain at the same time, and in a short while was forgotten save when the great books of iniquities were periodically examined. We will leave the matter for awhile and journey to Bordeaux.

* * * * * *

In April, 1887, there was living on the outskirts of Bordeaux a widow lady named Couronneau. She was proprietress of a lace manufactory which had been left her by her husband. With her dwelt her daughter Mauricette, an extremely beautiful girl just budding into womanhood,

and several other children, who do not concern us. About April a well-dressed gentleman called on the widow and said that he had heard that she had a small house in the neighbourhood to let, and on being told that that was the case inspected the premises and agreed to take the place. He gave the name of M. Linska de Castillon, and from his manner he seemed to be a gentleman of some consideration. He did not take long to settle in his house, at the head of which was a good-looking young woman of about twenty-one years of age, whom everybody thought was Madame de Castillon.

M. de Castillon was very attentive to the widow Couronneau, and before long stated that he wished to marry Mauricette.

"But are not you married at present?" asked the anxious mother.

"Married? Oh dear, no. That lady is Eugénie Forestier. She is my mistress. You see, in my rank of life a little latitude is allowed."

Madame was alarmed and murmured something about it being very wrong, to which the suitor replied: "Oh, that's nothing, I assure you. Every young man must sow his wild oats. Of course, I should not ask Mauricette to meet Eugénie, and my mistress shall be pensioned off before the wedding day."

In doubt as to how to act, Madame Couronneau sent for her sons-in-law, and a family council was held, at which it was decided that, however charming M. de Castillon might be, he was not a proper person to marry pretty little Mauricette.

But family counsels are useless where love is concerned, for the beautiful young girl had fallen under the spell of the gentleman, who seemed to her to embody all the virtues and graces of which she had read in romances. She loved Linska de Castillon, and would not hear a word against him. Then one day the widow was called away for a short time to attend the nuptials of another child, and, during her absence, Linska pleaded, and Mauricette softened, and—well, the old, old story was repeated. Madame returned to Bordeaux, and was rejoiced to be with her daughter, but as days grew into months it became evident that the innocent, child-like Mauricette was no longer an unspotted lily, and was likely soon to bring a little Mauricette into the world. But she was happy; Linska would marry her, and mamma could not object. She loved her gallant knight, oh, so dearly! and she laughed at the little breach of the seventh Commandment which she had committed, and, pouting, asked her bewildered mother if she thought Eve had insisted on having a service read before she succumbed to the wooing of Adam. Of course, Madame Couronneau could do nothing with her pretty daughter, who would not see that she had been naughty, and only pouted that it was nice to love and be loved, and all the world was horrid, except Linska; so the old lady went off to M. de Castillon, and told him that he was shortly to become a father, and that it would be as well if he married Mauricette as speedily as possible.

"I to be a father? That's very amusing!" laughed De Castillon. "So the delightful little Mauricette is going to enter the ranks of mammas. How very droll!"

"But you will be married to her at once, monsieur?" urged the anxious mother.

"Married? I? My dear Madame Couronneau, it is impossible. I am already married."

Horrified, the poor widow entreated Castillon to say that he was joking, and that when he had asked for her daughter's hand he had been really in earnest, but the cruel fellow only laughed the more, and said:

"Really, Mamma Couronneau, you are dramatic! You excel! So does Mauricette in another way. She is admirable, piquant, charming. Quite a change from Eugénie. And so innocent, too. She has said such droll things about love. I cannot lose her. Send her to me, and she shall be my mistress. What is the marriage service? Nothing at all when we love. I will make a good husband for Mauricette, and the world need know nothing about the little omission of a licence and banns. She'll come right enough, for she loves so divinely."

Of course the widow was very shocked, but she was of the bourgeoise class, and would do anything to avoid a scandal, so she took her daughter away for three days, and when they returned it was announced that Mauricette had become Madame de Castillon, and she took up her abode with the sparkling De Castillon. Eugénie, however, was not dismissed, but remained at the house as an extra wife for Linska, and, as we can well understand, the quarrels between her and Mauricette were of daily occurrence, and were very bitter.

As the time for her confinement approached Mauricette grew more and more loving towards De Castillon and more

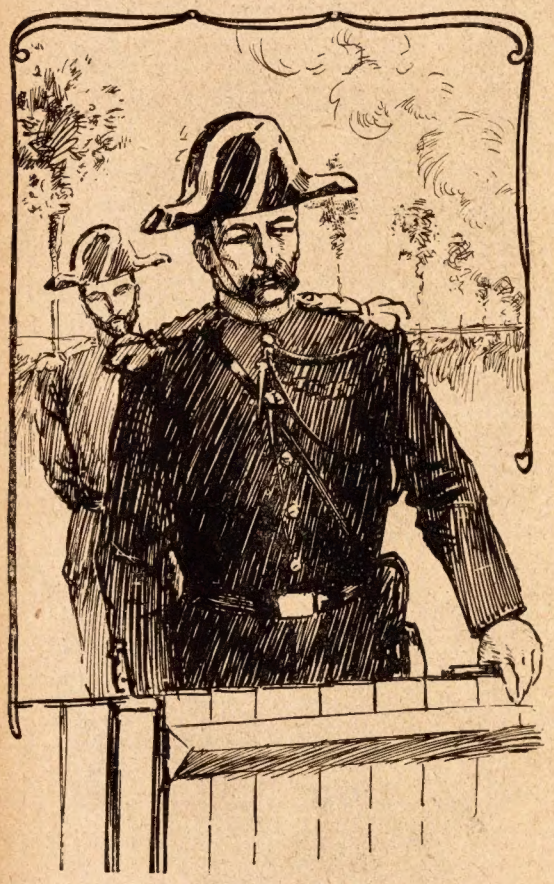
Linska pleaded and Mauricette softened.

jealous of Eugénie, and she resented the journeys which De Castillon used to take from time to time. However, whenever he returned from an absence of any length, he invariably gave the two women a present of jewellery or lace, and they had to be content with this.

About November 25th, 1887, De Castillon went away, and, when he did not return on the 29th, as promised, Mauricette got very anxious. A day or two passed, and then one morning a couple of gendarmes came to the little house and said that they had to arrest both the young girls on a charge of complicity in a burglary. Mauricette fainted, but not so Eugénie. The elder woman wanted to know particulars, and was told that in the previous August a jeweller's shop in Royan, near Bordeaux, had been burgled, and a quantity of articles stolen, some of which had been traced to their possession. Then Eugénie knew

where the presents of jewels had come from, and knew the real profession of Linska de Castillon.

As soon as Mauricette had recovered a little, the gendarmes took their charges off to Marennes Gaol, where they were locked up. The sudden shock was bad for poor Mauricette, who was speedily taken ill, and, after she had been in prison for a day or so, she gave birth to a child. While she was in bed she learnt of the fate of her lord and master, De Castillon. That worthy had been seen on the evening of November 28 trying to escape from the bedroom of a diamond merchant in the Hôtel du Palais, in Paris, and the alarm had been raised. He fled into the street, and was pursued by several gendarmes and the servants of the hotel. Finding that his pursuers were gaining on him, the fugitive turned and fired a couple of



Two gendarmes came to the house.

shots with a revolver, seriously wounding one of the officers. A long chase ensued, but in the end the burglar was caught and taken to the lock-up, where he was later charged with attempted murder. That was why he did not return to Bordeaux to his double establishment.

This news caused Mauricette to have a relapse, and for days she was seriously ill, but she recovered, and then was kept in the gaol, sharing the same cell as Eugénie. Though they had fought before, they became better friends now that they were companions in misfortune, and from this very friendship sprang a great revelation.

One day the two were sitting in their prison chamber when Mauricette broke down and began to cry bitterly. Eugénie Forestier tried to comfort her, but could not forbear from giving her a little stab by saying,: "I should not like to have a child that bore the name of Linska."

"Why do you say that?" asked Mauricette.

"Never mind. I'll tell you some day," was the answer. But the poor young mother pressed for an explanation, and at last Eugénie said, "Very good. But swear that you will not repeat what I am going to say to anyone." Mauricette promised, and then her companion continued: "Well, his real name is not De Castillon, but Prado, and he murdered a woman named Marie Agaetan." Mauricette choked with grief, and all night lay awake crying for the shame which was hers. Next day she had an interview with the Protestant pastor of the prison, and told him in confidence what she had learnt. The clergyman advised her to tell the authorities, and Mauricette promptly told Eugénie what she proposed to do, to which Mdlle. Forestier retorted that there was no need for the girl making a fuss, for she was already in communication with the police.

Thus it came about that the police in Paris learnt that chance had delivered into their hands the man for whom they had sought in vain in the early part of 1886. De Castillon stood revealed as Prado, the murderer of the pretty young demi-mondaine of the Rue Caumartin.

French law moves very, very slowly, for it is hampered by a series of examinations, conducted with marked prejudice and unfairness, such as would not be permitted for a single moment in an English court; so it was not until November 5, 1888, nearly a year after his arrest, that Prado was brought up before the Paris Assize Court to answer for his many crimes.

The first step in the trial was to determine the criminal's identity, and Prado refused all information on that point. He said he chose to call himself Linska de Castillon, and was known as Prado, but he would not say whether he had any right to either name. Some years later it was set forth that Prado was really an erring son of one of the Presidents of the Republic of Peru, and that he was both well born and well educated. Sufficient evidence was then adduced to make the story credible, but at the time of the trial the identity of Prado was a mystery, which added to the piquancy of the case.

In the second place, it was established that Prado was properly married in Madrid, in 1879, and had deserted his wife as soon as he had squandered her dowry of £7,000, and that he had served several terms of imprisonment for petty thefts. Then it was shown that in January, 1886, he was desperately pressed for money, yet on January 16, after the murder of Marie Agaetan, he had sufficient money to make a journey into Spain, taking Eugénie Forestier with him. From Spain he returned to Bordeaux, where he and his mistress lived as M. and Mme. Mendoza for a short while prior to taking the house from Mme. Couronneau.

During the first day of the trial Prado was allowed an extraordinary amount of latitude, which he was not slow to avail himself of, and at times he descended to insulting the judges. Thereafter he was kept better in check.

When before the juge d'instruction he had confessed to a series of crimes, but at the assize court he declared that his confession was only made to humbug the officers and to benefit Mauricette, who was in the dock beside him. "Strange, isn't it?" he shouted to the jury, "to worship a woman like that? Look at her! Look! With a face like that, who would not give the whole world for her?"

Poor Mauricette was put into the witness-box and made to tell the story of her seduction, not that it had any real bearing on the case, but because the authority in the French courts love to hear again and again the history of a woman's shame. Prado strove to make the ordeal more terrible for her by asking her obscene questions and by declaring that she wanted to force him to the guillotine so that she might sell herself to a German lover who had offered her marriage. She simply told the story of the revelations made to her by Eugénie Forestier, who was called as the next witness.

She told the court how early on the morning of January 15, 1886, Prado, who was living with her, and on her immoral earnings, returned home very agitated. He was constantly smelling his hands and washing them as if they had been polluted with something. In bed he gave her a hundred-franc note which had been cut with a razor.

His shirt, boots, overcoat, and hat were stained with blood, and the handle of his razor was smeared. Next day he got rid of these articles and set out for Spain with her.

During the night he remarked that he had just killed a woman and added, "One woman the less! I'd willingly kill every one of them!"

At this Prado broke in with the exclamation, "That, M. President, would be hardly in accordance with the principles of a man who appears here to-day with two mistresses by his side and a wife about to appear in the box. However, if they were all like Eugénie Forestier it would be a pleasure to get rid of them."

After the short sojourn in Spain, while at the Hôtel des Pyrénées, at Bordeaux, Prado quarrelled with Eugénie, and caught hold of her very roughly, crying out, "I must kill you!" She was alarmed and retorted: "Yes, as you did the other one."

"Fool! You know too much! It is better you should die!" hissed Prado, and he fired a shot at his mistress with his revolver. The bullet did no damage, nor did the report alarm the servants of the hotel, and Prado became quieter. Then Prado went to sleep, and later in the day asked Eugénie to forgive him, which, as she really loved the monster, she did. From that day, however, Prado would not allow his mistress to entertain other lovers, a proceeding which had previously been a source of income to him. He was afraid that she might tell them that on his own word she was "the mistress of an assassin."

Eugénie then described the attempts which Prado had made to get her to refuse to give evidence at the Assize courts, and some of his letters to her were produced and read. They all contained veiled threats that she would be benefiting herself by not appearing.

"Have you never been the mistress of a filthy Turk?" was the prisoner's startling interruption at this point.

"I have never been kept by a Turk!" indignantly replied the young woman, who was extremely good-looking. "It is an abominable lie! But it does not surprise me! You have so often said to me that you worshipped a good liar, and that you did not know a better one than yourself."

That set some of the people in court laughing, and the President reminded the auditory that a man's head was at stake.

"Don't worry about my head. It's all right!" commented Prado.

Madame Couronneau was called to describe the course of love between her daughter and de Castillon. She declared that they were all fascinated by the man, who had an extraordinary power over women. Prado, on the other hand, vowed that it was a pure accident that he seduced little Mauricette. "I happened to come along at the psychological moment when the first lover was welcome," was his explanation. This in spite of the direct testimony that he courted her and was rejected by the family, who thought that his moral character would not bear looking into.

The only other important witness was M. Guillot, the Juge d'Instruction, who was accused by Prado of having used Mauricette as a decoy to force him to make admissions. It appears that on several occasions Prado begged to be allowed to speak to the girl in the interests of the little child which had been born, in a private room. The kindly judge, not wishing to harm the innocent baby, permitted this, giving orders that the door should be left open so that he could see them, but not hear what they were saying. This was done.

TURNED AND FIRED A COUPLE OF SHOTS.

Intending to do the man who had befriended him as much harm as he could, Prado dragged up this as an irregularity, declared that the judge had listened in the hopes that he would divulge who he really was, and had told Mauricette to ask him leading questions so that they could be taken down and used against him.

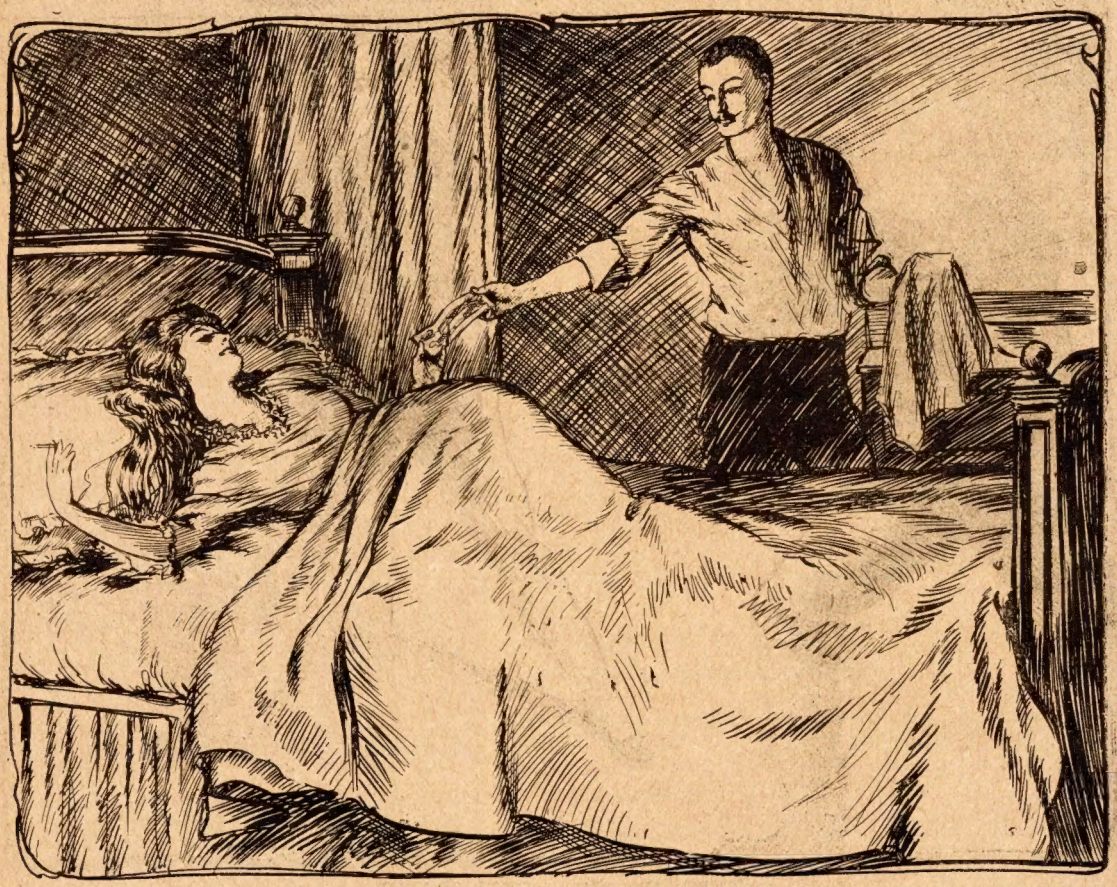
On M. Guillot denying this, Prado changed his tactics and said that he had arranged with Mauricette for her to bring him a knife and should aid him to escape, and that the judge had not noticed when he had locked the door as he had done at every interview.

Time, of course, was taken up rebutting this absurd charge, and in the end M. Guillot was praised by the court for the manner in which he had acted. On the 13th of November the counsel for Prado addressed the court on his client's behalf. He confirmed the mystery attaching to the prisoner, saying that only two persons besides Prado himself really knew who the accused was, but he hinted that he was really a very great personage, and instanced an allusion which Prado had made to the notorious Wilson case as a precedent for the prisoner being at once released. This was tantamount to saying that the accused was really the son of a President, a claim which was made later on behalf of the executed Prado.

Then it was Prado's turn to speak, and he astonished everyone present by his complete change of demeanour. Previously he had been a sneering, cynical bully. Now that he had to defend himself he was a cool, educated man, arguing on grounds of probability. But he soon found that probability was so slight that he had to fall back on sentiment in the hopes of touching the susceptible jury. Accordingly he dilated on his affection for his child by Mauricette and for his offspring by his legal wife, and begged that he might be released to turn over a new leaf.

"To-day there stands between me and wrong-doing an impassable barrier, the cradle of my infant, and if you hold out to me that helping hand which I have so long sought in vain, then by your aid I shall start on a new and happier life." This was the appeal of the man who had so many crimes lying thick on his soul! He forgot the cradle of his own legitimate children and pleaded the existence of his bastard as a reason why he should be let loose on the world to raise up other wronged children!

It was eight o'clock on the evening of the 14th of November before the jury managed to return a verdict, and then it was one of simple murder without extenuating circumstances. This gave the court full power to pronounce sentence of death, and that penalty was at once recorded against Prado.



GAVE HER A HUNDRED-FRANC NOTE.

Prado heard the judge's long address, which lasted nearly an hour and a-half, and listened to the words which were condemning him to the guillotine without the least dismay or change of countenance. Indeed, he was sucking sweets the whole while. Then he was carried off to La Roquette to await the fatal morning.

Day after day passed, and Prado began to get weary of waiting for death, so he wrote the following letter to the President of the French Republic, M. Carnot:

> "MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT,—An iniquitous sentence has condemned me to death for a crime I have not committed. For forty days I have been impatiently awaiting my execution; to delay it further would be a needless aggravation of my punishment, which I ask you to curtail. I disavow any prayer that has been made to you to commute my sentence. A commuta-

tion that would separate me for ever from the child I love and leave me under the disgrace of one of the greatest and most monstrous miscarriages of justice, would be a hundred times more grievous than death, even a death so dishonourable as that for which I now pray with all my heart.

"I beg you, Monsieur le Président, to put an end to the inexpressible suffering I am undergoing. May your presidency add many fair and glorious pages to the history of France. "PRADO."

M. Carnot was not averse to complying with the convict's request, and orders were given for execution to be done.

"Fool! You know too much!"

Early on December 28 Prado was awakened and told that his time had come. He expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the arrangements, dressed, and then was taken into a cell for the "toilet of the guillotine" to be made. While his hair was being cut the innate cruelty of the man broke forth.

"Tell my wife," he said, "that she is even more infamous than Forestier. As to Mauricette Couronneau, tell her that if she marry I give her my head as a wedding present, that she may put it in the cradle of our child."

Once prepared, Prado was given a cup of coffee and some brandy, and then led out to the Place St. Roquette, where the guillotine had been erected. He made no resistance, but surveyed the instrument with some disdain, muttering: "It is a common sort of thing to kill a man with." Then he was placed on the plank, the knife released, and Prado was no more.

THE TERRIBLE TARDY.

"So shall I be the terror of the Main."
—MACQUIRE, "The Spanish Pirate."

A Poisoner-Pirate and Human Scourge.

THE buccaneers of the Spanish Main have supplied the material for exciting tales for over three centuries. The raw rum-drinking, blood-stained brutes have been invested with all manner of dramatic accessories; but no quantity of paint and tinsel succeeds in hiding their ferocious and brutal natures. Imagination never gave birth to a ruffian more consummate than the infamous Alexander Tardy. He was a true enemy to his race, a beast of prey in human form. In him the milk of human kindness had soured to a deadly poison. He was a man who never smiled; nobody had ever seen his features relax from their grim solemnity.

Himself a native of San Domingo, his father was of French extraction. He was proficient in the English, French, and Spanish languages, and he had enough education to impose upon the uninstructed of his time. His person was always neat and dapper. He was dark and swarthy, with a brow low in front and running sharply to the rear. The back of his head preponderated enormously. His physiognomy, in brief, indicated a man of violent passions and of cunning mind, low courage, and remorseless.

As his story proves, Tardy had a liking for roaming and adventure deeply implanted in his disposition. The revolution in Hayti drove Alexander and his father across to the United States, and his first appearance there was as clerk to a merchant in Philadelphia. His services were little appreciated, and, in obedience to an impulse, he shipped as a steward. After some time at sea, he was suspected of an attempt to poison his captain, and was discharged from his ship in disgrace in the year 1813. We next hear of him in the capacity of assistant to a German dentist at Boston. Trouble about a succession of thefts led to a second flight, this time upon a vessel going south, to Charleston. Passengers were poisoned upon that voyage, and on Tardy's evidence the innocent coloured cook was condemned and executed, despite the heartrending protestations of innocence he kept up to the last. On Tardy's return to Philadelphia fresh suspicions of poisoning arose, and this time the villain did not escape. For infusing arsenic into food the poisoner was sent for seven years to the penitentiary, a light enough sentence for such an offence.

All his acts proclaim Tardy an artist in crime, a lover of crime for crime's sake, as willing to cut a throat as pick a pocket, and indifferent as to the reward. On leaving gaol he embarked upon a life of unbridled wickedness, careless of consequences. His confidence in himself was matched by his immeasurable contempt for others. But by the year 1827 even so wild and lawless a land as the United States of the period was too hot to hold him, and he migrated to his native West Indies. A new surgeon and dentist turned up in Havana. In this disguise Tardy was able to allay suspi-

cion, formulate plans, and incidentally to gratify his diabolical instincts for murder. Since accomplices might be useful, he sought out the three dissipated cut-throats, Felix, Pepe, and Courro, who were to assist in the great and closing act of Tardy's life. The task he had set himself was to take possession of some seaworthy ship, with a valuable cargo, and secure fortune and a fresh field of enterprise at a blow.

A handsome vessel lay loading in Havana harbour, the "Crawford," a brand-new Yankee brig, bound, with molasses, coffee, and sugar, to New York. Her captain, Brightman, was said to be indisposed, and there was the probability, therefore, that the arch-schemer would be able to approach him in a professional capacity, and make his ailment a mortal one. The chance was too good to lose, and "Dr." Tardy shipped in the cabin, bringing his Spanish servant Courro with him. The Senhors Felix and Pepe, posing as merchants, booked passages independently in the same boat. Their ostensible mission was to buy a barque in New York suitable for the "black-birding" trade with Africa. A chest of funds, labelled $17,000, accompanied the precious pair, and subsequent investigation showed that the weighty receptacle was loaded with lead and iron. By

OVERBALANCING, THE AMERICAN CRASHED UPON THE DECK.

bribing a discharged customs-house clerk, Tardy got a full set in blank of the ship's papers. Some concealed weapons and the inevitable supply of poison completed the buccaneer's preparations for his coup.

On the 28th of May, 1827, the "Crawford" cleared Havana harbour and headed for the open sea, with every probability of a fair passage, despite variable winds. The skipper lay below, unfit for duty. Edmund Dobson, mate, was in command, and seamen Joseph Dolliver, Asa Bicknell, Oliver Potter, and Nathaniel Deane, together with Stephen Gibbs, the black cook, completed the complement of the ship. There were two carpenters—one Irish and one American—and Ferdinand Ginoulhiac, a Spanish passenger, and Mr. Norman Robinson, one of the owners of the cargo in the cabin, in addition to the four conspirators. There was time enough to commence operations, for a run of 1,200 miles in a bluff brig among light airs is not done in a week. Tardy played his part as a professional man to admiration, combining the dignified with the deferential. After a few days at sea it fell to Tardy's lot to act the host at breakfast. He served the repast with the politeness of a courtier, and pressed second bowls of chocolate upon the gratified breakfasters. All rose from the table, and Mr. Dobson, having taken the night-watch, retired to his berth for sleep. Scarcely had the mate lain down before the most alarming symptoms seized him. A splitting headache, clammy perspiration, throbbing temples, and bursting eye-balls, joined to a most exhausting sickness filled him with fear. The mate's thoughts flew first to Yellow Jack, and he fancied himself the prey of that scourge of the coast and islands. Naturally, he sent for Dr. Tardy, who reassured him. After feeling his pulse, the pretended physician diagnosed the case as one of bile upon the stomach, and procured medicine for its supposed relief.

Mr. Robinson had been near enough to overhear the impostor, and, after Tardy's departure, he persuaded the mate to have no more to do with the proffered physic, and advised the sick man to try to sleep again. A mattress was laid on deck, and by eight in the evening Mr. Dobson was better. The supercargo stole to the mate's side during one of the poor fellow's wakeful hours, and imparted the information that all the crew were sick, and a rearrangement of the cooking operations was discussed. Both men were haunted by the thought that mischief was afloat. A return of weakness made the mate go back to his couch, after having arranged that he was to be called if a wind sprung up.

The stealthy Courro was on the alert. After a tour of secret inspection into the various quarters of the ship, he satisfied himself that the hour for action was at hand. Using the utmost circumspection to avoid disturbing other sleepers, Courro aroused his accomplices, and the quartette of villains foregathered under the shadow of the poop to agree upon a line of action. A few hoarse, guttural whispers, a few savage smiles, suggestive gestures and much rolling of yellow eye-balls, and all was arranged.

Dolliver had the helm, and he alone of the crew was on deck. One may picture him gazing into the recesses of the black night, bestowing a glance at intervals upon the idly-flapping sails, or, with half an eye, taking his sight at the Pole Star, the cold, distant luminary that beckoned the slow brig on to New York. There Dolliver lived with wife and family. An anxious, loving wife followed his fortunes in the spirit from her lonely bed ashore, praying and hoping for her Joseph. Her prophetic eye, however, failed to see in her vision the peril in which Dolliver stood for a few brief moments.

A man was approaching him from behind, a dusky, bare-

Life of Charles Peace.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Continued).

"AH, so you have been making a fool of me all this time!" he cried in a voice of concentrated passion. "You treacherous, infamous girl! But I'll let you know, my lady, that Charles Peace is not to be trampled upon with impunity—understand that."

He caught her by the wrist and held it with the grip of a vice.

"Let me go—ye hurt me — let me go!" she exclaimed, in some alarm.

"Not till you give me the name of my rival. Until you do that, I will not release you."

He dragged her forcibly along the pathway, and displayed such an excess of fury that the girl was seriously alarmed.

"I must ha' bin a born fool to ha' come here, and I be rightly served. Let me go!"

"Answer my question first—his name—tell me the fellow's name, and I'll then release you—not before. You've played me false, and you know it."

He had by this time become more like a maniac than a rational being.

Nell struggled desperately to release herself from his grasp, but although a strong-built, muscular young woman, she found herself almost powerless in the grip of her persecutor.

"Have I wasted all my thoughts all this time over one who is so base and worthless?" he ejaculated, with supreme bitterness. "Am I to become the laughing-stock of the whole neighbourhood?"

"I wish I'd never seen you. I hate you!" cried Nelly, in a spiteful tone. "What have I done to be treated thus?"

"One word and we are friends for life. Say you will be mine," said he.

"I will say nothing till you let me go."

"I'll have your answer one way or the other," shouted out Peace, drawing a revolver from his pocket. "By the heavens above, I will make you answer me."

At the sight of the weapon the miserable young woman uttered several piercing screams.

A tall young man jumped over a neighbouring stile, and with one blow from the stout ash stick he carried, struck the weapon out of Peace's hand; then he delivered another terrific blow on our hero's head, which sent him back reeling and half stunned.

"You cowardly scoundrel," exclaimed the newcomer, "to lay your hands on a woman!"

The speaker was about to inflict further chastisement, whereupon Nelly interceded.

"Spare him, Mr. Jamblin," said the girl. "He be mad, and knows not what he has been doing. He be mad, I'm sure o' that."

"What have you to say for yourself, sir? What is the reason of this outrage?" inquired the young man, addressing himself to Peace.

"What business is it of yours?" answered our hero. "There is a reason, and a very strong one. But, hark ye! don't you bully me, or it will be worse for you. I'm not afraid of you, big as you are."

"I've seen your face before," observed the newcomer. "It's familiar to me."

"Have you?" cried Peace, making a hideous grimace. "Then you've the advantage of me, for I never saw your ugly mug before; and, what's more, I don't want to see it again."

"Do you remember a burglary at Oakfield House some time ago, eh?"

"No, I don't. Do you?" inquired Peace, who was by this time a little less confident in his tone and manner.

"Yes, I do. A man named Gregson was shot by a woman, and afterwards expiated his crimes on the public scaffold. If I mistake not, I met you on the night of the burglary. I've an astonishing power of remembering faces."

"Have you? You're a mighty clever fellow in your way; but it so happens that I never heard of any such burglary, and don't know any house bearing that name. You seem to know more about it than I do. Were you one of the burglars?"

At this last observation the young man rushed forward and was about to strike Peace, when the girl, Nelly, threw herself between the two, and begged her protector to spare him.

"Say no more, Nell," returned the young man. "I won't harm him. Though for the life of me I can't understand why you should seek to protect him.

"Go your ways, you ugly little vagabond," said the stranger, addressing Peace. "If you remain here much longer the chances are you will find yourself handed over to the police constable who is coming this way."

Peace in this instance considered discretion to be the better part of valour, and, hurling several anathemas at the girl and her protector, he made off.

He hastened at once to the house of the village surgeon, where he had his head dressed, declaring that he had received the wound in conflict with one he chose to term a ruffian.

He was by this time thoroughly sick of Broxbridge, which he determined upon leaving forthwith. He had been jilted and derided by a girl to whom he had become attached, had been chastised by a young man, who evidently knew all about the Oakfield House burglary, which he had believed had been quite forgoten, and so there was every reason for his leaving the neighbourhood. On the following morning he packed up his traps, had them conveyed to the station, and bidding Brickett good-bye, with a promise to return in a few weeks' time, he beat a retreat, and hastened up to the metropolis, to find therein a new scene of action.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The name of the young man who came so opportunely to the rescue of Nelly was Philip Jamblin. The reader will doubtless remember the two visitors to Farmer Ashbrook's house on the night of the burglary at Oakfield. These personages, Messrs. Cheadle and Jamblin, gave chase to Peace after his escape over the fields described in the opening chapters of this work. The Jamblins and Ashbrooks were old friends.

Philip's father was the owner of a large farm situated at about a couple of miles' distance from Broxbridge; he held this under a lease from Lord Ethalwood. The place was known as Stoke Ferry Farm.

Mr. Jamblin, senior, was a farmer of the old school, who had worked his way up in the world by dint of skill and industry. He it was who paid for the plentiful supply of beer to the occupants of the parlour of the Carved Lion on the night when Peace first became acquainted with the establishment.

Mr. Jamblin had in his service a ne'er-do-well, wayward, good-for-nothing sort of lad, called Alfred Purvis, whose parentage was not clearly established. A gentleman of independent means, residing in the neighbourhood, had paid for his support during the earlier years of his childhood, and when he became old enough he had placed him with Mr. Jamblin to learn the farming business, if it can, with propriety, be so termed.

But the lad Alfred was a sore trouble to the farmer. He was mischievously disposed, and was for ever getting into scrapes.

As he is destined to play a secondary part in this drama, it will be necessary to introduce him to the reader.

Some few days after Peace's departure from Broxbridge, Mr. Jamblin became furious at a discovery he had made.

He was striding up and down the great stone kitchen of Stone Ferry Farm, with his arms swinging round his head like the sails of a windmill, and his face growing redder and redder every moment.

He was a kindly-disposed man enough, and was greatly esteemed by his workpeople, but he did not like anything underhand.

His youngest daughter Patty was leaning against the table, and trying to pacify him as best she could.

"Don't lose your temper, father," she murmured, in a soft, low voice. "After all, it's only one, and surely that's no great matter."

"Only one!" cried the indignant agriculturist. "That be true enough, lass; but how are we to know if he ain't killed twenty—the young warmint?"

A dead hare, which was lying on the dresser with a wire round its neck, explained the subject of their conversation.

Mr. Jamblin glanced at it with a look of rage and disgust.

"He'll never come to any good—never, as sure as I'm a born man," he ejaculated; "there bean't no manner of doubt about that."

"Here he comes," said Patty, looking through the window.

The farmer gave a sort of a grunt of displeasure, and a tall, light-haired boy ran into the room.

He was full of life and spirits, and as audacious in his manner. He wore no coat or smock, but a waistcoat with long sleeves and a pair of fustian trousers bound below the knee with leather straps to prevent them from dragging in the mire.

His boots were of the usual clod-hopping description, in weight about four pounds, and studded with nails like the door of a prison.

Although his costume was not particularly becoming, there was something in his voice and manner which showed that he was of a different race to the other labourers on the farm.

Nevertheless, there was something in his countenance that betokened an absence of moral principle; a restlessness, and an expression of cunning seemed to pervade it.

Mr. Jamblin sprang forward and seized the youngster by the collar, at which he did not appear to be surprised.

"You audacious, circumventing young vagabond!" shouted out the farmer; "I've been a waitin' for you, my pretty manikin. I'll teach you to put metal collars round my hares' necks, you rascal."

"Will you, master?"

"Yes, I will. What have you to say for yourself?"

"What have I to say? Well, if you will listen, I'll tell you, sir."

"Go on, and look sharp about it, then."

"Ain't hares wild animals, the same as rats, foxes, and such like?" said the boy. "When I made a new sort of trap and caught the rats for you, which nobody else could do, didn't you praise me and acknowledge it was a clever contrivance?"

"You young rascal!" cried Jamblin. "Don't 'ee think to shield yourself by your book larning. Wild animals, indeed! I'll flay 'ee alive, you viper!"

The farmer seized hold of a stout stick which was lying on the table.

"There was a farmer lagged the other day for killing a boy," said the lad, in insolent tone. "So don't lay it on too strong, master, for fear of your own precious life."

"You insolent ruffian!" exclaimed Jamblin. "Hang me if I ever met with your like, and hope I never shall, for the matter o' that."

He rained a heavy shower of blows upon the boy's back and shoulders, which he bore without flinching or even uttering a cry.

The farmer was surprised.

"He's a hardened, callous rascal that no mortal man can mek anything on, and that be the solemn truth."

"He won't do it again—I'm sure he won't, father," pleaded the girl.

"Won't he? I'll wager he will. Good words or bad blows are wasted on such as he."

Then, turning to Alf, Jamblin said:

"I tell 'ee, my lad, I'll serve 'ee in the same way as we serve a dog who runs out and eats his game. To-morrow I will tie this leveret under your nose and your hands behind your back, and let 'ee nose at it for a day or two—that's what I'll do." And, with these words, the indignant agriculturist stalked out of the kitchen.

The boy watched him across the yard, and when the farmer was lost to sight, he unbuttoned his waistcoat, and passing his hand round his back, produced a quantity of napkins with which he had padded himself.

He had been expecting some castigation, and, like an old soldier, had recourse to stratagem.

The heavy blows fell harmless upon his back and shoulders. No wonder he bore all with such patience and equanimity.

In cunning he was more than a match for his master, or, indeed, the whole of the establishment.

Patty could not refrain from laughing when she beheld the artifice resorted to by her companion in the kitchen.

"You are a sharp one, Alf, and no mistake," she cried.

"But you won't peach—won't tell the governor?" said he.

"No, no. Let us hope his anger is all over by this time."

"He won't forget his promise about the hare, I dare say, but what of that? It won't hurt me."

The lad was quite right—Jamblin did not forget the promise he had made.

"Look here, men, just pinion this young scoundrel. We'll teach him a lesson he won't easily forget," cried the farmer to his labourers in the yard on the following morning.

The men obeyed, and the boy's arms were fastened firmly, so that there was no possibility of his raising them.

The hare was then slung under his chin.

"Now, my lad, see how that suits you," said Jamblin. "It shall hang there till you promise never to do the same thing again."

He was driven out of the yard by the farm labourers, who one and all detested him for his mischievous ways, and therefore they enjoyed the fun immensely.

"Now, then, youngster, go and make a sight o' yourself till noontime," cried the carter, thrusting young Purvis forcibly through the open gate into the high road.

"Who cares for a pack of fools like you?" exclaimed the lad, walking rapidly away from the scene. A chorus of laughter reached his ears as he took his way along the road.

He was certainly under the impression that he cut a most ridiculous figure, adorned as he was with his furry companion, but there was no help for it; he was constrained to hear the sneering remarks passed on him by the passengers, equestrian and pedestrian, he met on the road.

He had also to endure the jocose and playful cuts with the whip with which the carters saluted him as they went by with their long teams of horses. But he bore all these indignities with the greatest fortitude; nevertheless, a burning spirit of revenge smouldered within his breast—a spirit which some day or other would burst into a flame.

He walked on without deigning to offer any reply to the vexatious and sneering observations with which he was greeted.

An hour or more had passed over without his meeting with anyone who would take compassion on him. Presently he espied, at some distance ahead of him, a little boy coming in the opposite direction.

This child he coaxed to free his hands from the cords, and so was at liberty again.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The dinner hour came and passed away, but the inmates of Stoke Ferry Farm saw nothing of Alf Purvis. Mr. Jamblin was surprised at this, for the boy as a rule had always been punctual enough at meal times. The farmer grew fidgety; he half regretted having made an example of the lad for an offence which, after all, could not be considered to be one of a very grave character.

"That young scapegrace is in his sulks, I expect," said Jamblin to his daughter. "An' may be he's got the hump so strong on him that he'll be for stoppin' away for awhile."

"Never fear," answered Mr. Philip Jamblin; "he'll come back again when he's had his fling and hunger begins to set in. He'll come back fast enough then, I'll warrant."

"I'm not so sure of that," returned Patty. "He's got a mighty spirit of his own He's a lad one might lead, but I don't think he's easy to drive."

"He's an obstinate, audacious young varmint, that's what he be, an' one as no one can do much good with. Let un stop away an' he likes," cried the farmer.

But the night passed over as the day had done, and no Alf Purvis presented himself at Stoke Ferry Farm; as bed-time came the members of the household exchanged blank looks. Although they said but little, no member of the family could conceal his uneasiness.

Let us return to him whose absence was the cause of this anxiety.

After the departure of the urchin who had rendered such signal service to Alf, the latter walked over the fields and bethought him of what to do.

"I won't return again to that place," murmured he. "I've had enough of the guv'nor and his low-bred crew of workpeople. Oh, that I were a man, and able to fight my way in the world without the help of anyone! If I go to the

squire he'll give me a long lecture, and take me back to Stoke Ferry Farm. I don't know what to do."

He looked at the sun—it wanted about an hour to noon, his dinner time.

He resolved to stroll about and amuse himself birds' nesting. Anyway he would not return till the evening—he could do without his dinner for once in the way; besides, he had a slice of fat bacon between two thick slices of bread in his pocket; these he had stolen from the larder without anyone observing him.

He walked across field after field, and soon reached a small common which was covered with furze bushes, slanting thorn trees, and yews.

This place seemed to have considerable attractions for him. The aspect of nature is always beautiful, but rugged, savage, uncultivated nature this lad loved the most. Perhaps the reason of this might be traced to his occupation as a tiller of the soil.

As he entered the grass road which ran through the middle of the common, he overtook a man who was walking slowly along, looking on all sides of him, and stopping every few steps to listen.

Alf knew pretty well every inhabitant of the locality by sight, but he never remembered to have seen the individual he now came across for the first time.

The man had a short pipe in his mouth—he was tall, but stooped slightly, which took somewhat off his height. His clothes were travel-stained and dilapidated, and the beard on his chin seemed to be of some days' growth.

For the rest, his skin was of a deep brown, partly attributable to dirt and partly to his natural complexion, which was what might be termed swarthy. As to his age, it would have puzzled anyone to tell, except those who had been acquainted with him for years—he might be seven-and-thirty, or he might be sixty.

On his back he carried a huge bundle, which was as large and heavy as a pedlar's pack, but of a different shape.

Alf's curiosity was aroused—he had never seen anyone of a similar character in the neighbourhood.

"He's a bit of an original in his way, a sort of curiosity," murmured the boy. "He's up to something, and I mean to know what it is before long."

The mysterious sportsman had by this time reached the small "clearing" (to use an American phrase) where the cottagers had been permitted to cut furze for their firing. The stranger had all this time been quite unaware of the presence of the farmer's boy

He threw down his bundle, and raised himself to his full height. This done, he stooped down, and began to untie his bundle and spread out its contents. Alf deemed it expedient to keep as quiet as possible. He therefore stretched himself full length on the grass. When the boy saw the brown-faced man bring forth a large net, his eyes began to shine, and he watched the movements of the stranger with the greatest possible interest.

He saw the net, which was about twelve yards square, spread flat upon the ground, and then secured by four small pins (called stars), which left, however, a considerable space of net on either side unoccupied.

Then the brown-faced man placed something covered with green-baize cloth in the centre of the net, and, having carefully examined his apparatus, he uncoiled a long line, which was looped and run within the edges of the net.

He then raised the green baize, disclosing a goldfinch in a wire cage.

"My eye, he's an artful old buffer, and knows his way about!" murmured Alf.

The man glanced around.

"Holloa, you, sir, what are you a-doing there? Want to frighten the birds, eh?" he exclaimed, catching sight of the boy for the first time.

"I hope I ain't in the way, or a-doing any harm," cried Alf, in a beseeching tone. "I'm only doing the looking-on part."

"Umph," returned the man, with a puzzled expression of countenance. "I'd rather you shift your quarters, if it don't make any difference to you, 'cos why it's like enough you'll frighten the birds away if you stop there."

"All right, guv'nor; I'll go wherever you like."

The man made a sort of crook with his forefinger, with which he beckoned the lad.

"Just you stir your stumps," he said, "and come here by the side of me."

PRODUCED A QUANTITY OF NAPKINS.

"All right; that's just what I should like—it will suit me above everything," cried Alf, with evident delight.

He and the brown-faced man hid themselves behind a bush, the latter holding the line and peeping through the interstices of the foliage.

As soon as the goldfinch felt the sun and light it began to sing.

"That's the call bird," whispered the man. "He'll draw a lot presently, if we have luck."

When the birdcatcher and Alf Purvis had taken up their position in the clump of foliage they waited patiently for more than a quarter of an hour. The adjacent trees and shrubs resounded with chirpings and carollings.

The birds gathering courage began to flutter down upon the net, which soon swarmed with linnets, yellow-hammers, and tit-larks.

"Pull the string, guv'nor," said Alf.

"Wait a bit, youngster. I want some bullfinches. I can hear 'em piping all around. There's lots on 'em about these thorn trees."

The man gave his rope a sharp tug, and the flaps or wings of the net closed and held them all prisoners.

The poor things beat themselves fiercely against the net, uttering piercing cries, while the call-bird still sung as if in savage triumph from his wire cage.

"Beautiful! I call that something like. That's a good haul, ain't it?" inquired the lad.

"Middling, not so bad. I've had better, and a good many worse."

"You'll make your money of that, guv'nor. It's a stunner, ain't it?"

"Not a bad one of its sort; but, lor' love ye, the job is to find a customer. It's only one here and there who knows what's worth buying and what's best left alone. Well, look here, my little ace of trumps, how am I to know if you won't round on me afterwards?"

"I never rounded on anybody in my life," cried Alf, in a tone of indignation.

"Umph! I'm jolly glad of it; but you've got a pair of queer grey peepers. I'm always keerful how I do business with grey peepers."

"Look here, then," cried Alf, pulling out the hare from under his smock; "I snared this, and have had a thrashing for it. I'll sell you this if you like, and then one will be as low in the dirt as 'tother in the mire."

The bird-catcher stared with surprise, and exclaimed quickly:

"Didn't I say as how you was fly? I'm blessed if you are not too good for a God-forgotten place like this."

"I want to leave it, and I will, please the pigs," returned the lad. "I don't care what I do so long as I haven't to go back to Stoke Ferry Farm. Where are you bound for after you've done for the day?" inquired Alf.

"For London. Whitechapel; it ain't a haristocratic part, but it's a busy sort of place in its way."

"I should like to go with you."

"Well, then, you shall, youngster. So that's soon settled."

* * * * * * *

Charles Peace, as we have already signified, had become sated of the village in which he had led so reputable a life for no inconsiderable period; indeed, if we take into consideration the erratic and adventurous nature of the man, it is a matter of no small surprise that he should have continued to be a respectable member of society for so long a time.

But his new sphere of action had many attractions for him.

In the first place, it had the charm of novelty; in the next, he was petted and made much of by the landlord and the parlour customers of the Carved Lion; and last, though not least, he had been greatly taken with the girl, Nelly.

A sudden revulsion, however, took place, and our hero determined upon seeking "fresh fields and pastures new."

He was possessed of a considerable sum of money; for, in addition to the amount he realised by following the business of a frame-maker, and a dealer in works of art, he had the hundred pounds which the earl had sent by his lawyer as a bonus.

He was bent upon seeing something of London life, and therefore hastened at once up to the metropolis.

Peace, who had but a slender knowledge of the great metropolis, put up at a snug hotel which was frequented by many of his townsmen.

He had at this time no very clear idea as to his movements or future plan of action, and therefore, like Mr. Micawber, thought it best to wait patiently for "something to turn up." He had abundance of ready cash for his necessities for some time to come, and when that was gone he was perfectly well assured he would find the way to obtain more. He was never very long in making new acquaintances.

At the hotel where he was stopping he fell into the company of a young man named Kempshead, with whom he at once fraternised. Kempshead was rather a go-ahead sort of young gentleman, and was therefore well adapted as a companion to Peace. He was well acquainted with every phase of London life, was well up in all the cant terms and slang sayings which, unfortunately for the moral tone of society, are considered requisite by the young men of the present day to indulge in and make use of.

"Well, governor," said Joe Kempshead to Peace, as they were seated at the table in the public room of the hotel, "what's to be your little game to-day—the exhibition, a morning performance, or what?"

"Haven't made up my mind yet," returned our hero, putting aside the paper he had been reading. "What are your movements?"

"I am obliged to go into the City—business matters, you know; but in the after part of the day I'm at your service—say about five, or between that hour and six. We can go together somewhere after then, and see what's to be seen. What say you—shall I meet you here?"

"Yes, I will be here at about six."

"Let's have dinner together at that hour, then."

"Agreed."

"Then we shall have the evening before us."

Mr. Kempshead parted with his newly-made acquaintance with this understanding, and proceeded into the City. Peace bent his steps in the direction of Kensington Museum. He had heard a good deal of this place, where he found an almost countless number of objects, which had for him a special interest.

Throughout his life he had always evinced a great fondness for works of art and mechanical appliances, and the exhibition of patent articles in the museum was to him one of its most noticeable and attractive features.

He, therefore, found no difficulty in disposing of his time till the dinner hour. Upon his return to Sanderson's Hotel, he found his friend awaiting his re-appearance.

Dinner was served, which was done ample justice to by both gentlemen. It was washed down by divers and sundry glasses of Rhenish wine. Our hero had thrown aside the habits of the humble artisan, and went in for an aristocratic course of regimen.

He was not adapted for it—neither did it suit him; but there is an old saying, "When at Rome do as Rome does." Peace was mindful of this, and gave himself all the airs and graces of a high-born patrician.

An hour or two passed, during which Mr. Kempshead lounged on the sofa, puffed his fragrant weed, and partook of a cup of black coffee.

"Now, then, what shall us boys go in for?" he said, addressing himself to Peace.

"I'm in your hands, and leave the matter to your disposal," returned the latter.

"Very good—so be it. In the first place, old fellow, I want to introduce you to a little drum, which is not far from here. It's a club I belong to—the members are a jolly lot of fellows. By the bye, do you play?"

"Do I what?"

"Do you play—gamble?"

"At present that is not one of my accomplishments."

"Surprised at that. Every fellow does that sort of thing nowadays. Couldn't get through the world, you know, without doing something in the betting or gambling line. Still, you've no occasion to play unless you like. There's no harm in looking on."

"Oh, I'll go," cried Peace.

"Right you are; we'll be off at once, then."

The two friends sallied forth from the hotel. The club to which Kempshead alluded was situated in a dingy street at the west end of the town. It was ostensibly a proprietary club—the proprietors thereof drove a tolerably profitable trade.

It had been established as a social club for gentlemen, but its real character was that of a betting crib or gambling house; or "hell" would be the more expressive term.

Arriving at the club, Mr. Kempshead spoke a word or two to the man in the hall, ascended the stairs, and entered a large room on the first floor. He was followed by Peace, who was introduced to several of the members of the club by his friend Kempshead.

The object which first attracted his attention was a long table which ran along the centre of the room, the farther end of which was about the distance of three feet from the opposite wall. This was the table used in playing the game of roulette. "Rouge et noir" and other games were played at

the club into which Peace now found himself introduced. Kempshead endeavoured to explain to him the manner in which the game was played. A short, bald-headed gentleman, who wore a military coat, and had a remarkably thick and dark moustache, and who had been introduced to Peace as Captain Draper, now sidled up to Kempshead and said, nodding at Peace:

"Does your friend play?"

"Well, no, I can't say he does—he's a novice. Ahem! a young man from the country."

"Ah, ah! capital—I see," returned the captain, with a loud military laugh.

Captain Draper had a stentorian voice, which doubtless had been acquired by his constantly giving the word of command to the gallant troop of which he was the head.

"Your friend will not refuse to take a glass of wine with me?" said Draper to Kempshead, in an easy, off-hand manner.

"He will be most delighted to do so, I've no doubt."

The three gentlemen moved towards the sideboard.

This was an important feature in the appointments of the room. Upon it rested a goodly array of bottles—and such bottles no one out of the gambling world ever saw in his life.

They were redolent not only of wines and spirits, but of wickedness.

The thought arose in Peace's mind, "Where do those dangerous bottles come from? Are they manufactured for the exclusive use of the members of this highly respectable and aristocratic club, or does some wealthy member make them a present to the establishment for the use of the delectable members thereof?"

"What will you take?" said the captain. "Shall we have a bottle of sparkling?"

"My friend does not much care for champagne. If I might suggest, he would like some brandy and seltzer."

"Yes, I should," remarked Peace.

"Then we'll have a pint of sparkling between us," said Draper.

A waiter came forward and attended upon the three gentlemen.

"Ah," remarked the captain, carrying the glass to his eye. "When I was in India this sort of tipple did go down, I can tell you."

"No doubt," said Kempshead.

"'Give Draper his fizz,' Lord Gough used to say, 'and he'll carry any position.' And, by Jove, sir, he was right."

The captain, having finished his drink, joined Kempshead, and Peace took stock of the company, which, by this time, was far more numerous than when they first entered the precincts of the unhallowed ground. Some of the members were seated at the tables, and others stood behind them. The banker took up his position by the roulette.

Before him was a heap of gold, which had been turned out of a cash-box that stood on the table. In one hand he held a stick, about two feet long, across the top of which was fixed a triangular piece of wood. This is technically known as the "rake."

Still, he was eminently qualified for his position. He spoke broken English at the commencement of the evening, but, strange to say, this wore off as the hours flew by. He was a thin, sallow-faced man, with a shrewd expression, and captivating manners.

He said, addressing those present, "We are all friends here; all know one another, and we are here for amusement, that's all."

Several of the members assented by nods to this proposition.

The croupier seemed satisfied.

"He loved play," he said, and here he shook a pound's worth of "counters" in his white, long-fingered hand.

He was the only talkative man in the room.

There were many there who were not quite so cheery. They were evidently bent on business, not gossip or badinage, and, to judge from their apparel, their business did not please them much.

"Only for amusement," pleaded the little sallow-faced man, "that's all—only amusement. No stake larger than half-a-crown. We none of us want to be ruined. We play only for amusement. This is a social club. We are all brothers here. We all know that. Only for amusement, gentlemen."

He kept repeating this sentence.

"Would you like to have one turn, and try your luck?" inquired Kempshead of Peace.

"I don't know anything of the game; but, being here, I must do as others do, I suppose," answered our hero.

"As I said before, gentlemen, we play only for amusement," again remarked the croupier. "It's all fair and above board at this establishment."

Mr. Kempshead drew to the table, and purchased eight round pieces of ivory, each about the size of a shilling, for which he paid the bland and smiling croupier one sovereign.

Peace handed his friend a sovereign, and requested him to purchase eight pieces for him.

Opposite to the two friends was a bald-headed, florid-complexioned man, who, Kempshead informed our hero, was a large merchant in the City. He was supposed to be very wealthy, but was a frequent visitor to the club. As a rule, he preferred rouge et noir to roulette.

Near to the florid-faced man were two young fellows of gentlemanly appearance, speech, and demeanour; but the gambling contagion had seized hold of them, and their whole souls seemed intent upon the whirling of the roulette.

Peace placed a counter upon the red patch of cloth. His companion had already put one on the black patch, which he had forfeited.

The general banker now gave the roulette a twist with the handle, and at the same time a marble shot round the circling edge.

The little ball flew round and round in one direction, and the roulette spun in the opposite, until at length the impetus of the marble was insufficient to keep it upon the slanting surface of the frame, and it sank upon the still-twisting roulette, and settled into a pocket opposite one of the squares.

The square in question was a red one, and the banker handed Peace another counter, value two shillings and sixpence.

Meanwhile the vivacious croupier kept the ball rolling, and continued the game, with many quaint and curious sayings, which seemed to be especially diverting to most of the members and visitors present.

He hospitably invited Peace to drink, enumerating a long list of refreshments for him to choose from; but our hero politely declined.

Peace varied the proceedings by placing another counter upon the margin marked "even."

Varying fate attended his efforts, but in the end he left off a loser of about fifteen shillings. Kempshead, on the contrary, was a winner.

"I suppose you've had enough of it for one evening?" said the latter to Peace, who answered in the affirmative.

"Very good; we'll be for making tracks, then."

"What is the name of your club?" inquired Peace, when they had gained the street.

"It is called the 'Tumblers.'"

"What a singular name! How came it to be christened that?"

"I don't know. The idea is, I believe, that if the members tumble down they know how to pick themselves up again."

Anyone at all acquainted with metropolitan life cannot fail to have been struck with the number of objects which seem, by some mysterious agency, to fade away and disappear altogether. Places disappear in an equal degree—the old landmarks are passing rapidly away from London. Holborn Hill has gone, Temple Bar has vanished, Vauxhall Gardens and Cremorne are things of the past, and the once famous Argyll Rooms have long since ceased to exist.

It is to this last-named place that Peace and his friend are about to pay a visit.

After leaving the "Tumblers," Mr. Kempshead, who was what is called a late bird, proposed that they should drop into the Argyll Rooms. Peace gave his assent to the proposition, and the two companions paid the entrance fee and entered the inner penetralia of that establishment.

They found the place thronged with persons of both sexes—the female, if anything, predominating. A few hired professionals were dancing mechanically and languidly to a very indifferent band.

People did not go to the Argyll to dance; they went to see and be seen. It was a recognised meeting-place—for ladies and gentlemen, shall we say? Perhaps male and females would be the more correct term.

If anyone went there for the entertainment they were sure to be miserably disappointed.

Peace, who was always an admirer of the fair sex, was perfectly charmed with the array of beauty which met his gaze.

He and Kempshead strolled through the place, observing as they did so its most noticeable features.

"I never would have believed it, unless I had seen it with my own eyes," he exclaimed.

"Believed what?"

"Why, that such immense throngs of persons should visit these rooms. Then the women! I wouldn't have missed seeing this on any account."

A fair Cyprian now came to the front, and asked them to treat her with something to drink.

She had evidently some little knowledge of Kempshead, whom she addressed in a familiar manner.

There was, however, nothing remarkable in this, since most of the ladies who were in the habit of paying nocturnal visits to the Argyll were generally pretty familiar with most persons, whether strangers or otherwise.

"My friend is of a retiring disposition," said Kempshead.

"Indeed! I'm sorry for him, poor fellow!" returned the girl; "but let the gentleman speak for himself."

Peace drew towards one of the refreshment counters, and asked the lady what she would have.

She elected to have a glass of port wine.

This was ordered, with seltzers and brandies for the two gentlemen.

"SHALL I BE YOUR SWEETHEART?"

"Your friend is from the country; is he not?" said the lady.

"Yes; he's the celebrated 'young man from the country,' about whom you have heard so much."

"I thought so. Going to stop long in London, sir?"

"Not very long," said Peace, eyeing the questioner.

"Have you got a sweetheart here?"

"Where?"

"In London."

"I haven't been here more than two or three days."

"Then perhaps you want one. Shall I be your sweetheart?"

"You are a deal too pretty, my dear. This is a lovely girl, isn't she?" said our hero, chucking her under the chin, and turning towards his friend.

Leaving the Argyll Rooms, Peace and Kempshead passed into Windmill Street, and in a few seconds were at the corner of the Haymarket. The throngs of persons who were assembled here and in the adjacent streets seemed to Peace to be almost incredible. It appeared as if all the women in London had, by common consent, assembled in this quarter of the town.

Peace was astounded, as well he might be. He had heard of these gatherings, had seen a good deal of provincial life, but the reality far exceeded any description that had been given him.

"My word!" said he to Kempshead, "London is a place. What on earth brings all these people here?"

His companion shrugged his shoulders.

"It is always like this, every night the same; that's all I know. It's a promenade—a sort of carnival; but let us go down the Haymarket."

The two companions threaded their way through the throng of people.

Peace and his friend turned down Jermyn Street. The two arrived in front of a house on the left side of the street in question, which to all appearance was a coffee shop. It was a great, unobtrusive-looking establishment, with ground-glass windows in its front, on which were inscribed the words "Coffee Room."

"This little drum is worth seeing," said Kempshead.

"No one but the initiated would dream that such a place existed."

The two went down a narrow passage, and reached a pair of small folding doors. Peace's companion opened one of them, and said to a man inside, "All right, Sam."

The man touched his hat, anl they then passed in. To all appearance it was a coffee-shop. There were compartments, seats, and side tables, such as are seen in ordinary houses of that description; but these were filled with magnificently-attired women and aristocratic-looking gentlemen, who were quiet, well-behaved, and reserved in their manner.

It was said by Peace's chaperon that more than one titled person was present. At the end of the room was the bar, in which was seated a mahogany-faced gentleman, with an aquiline nose.

He came forward from this inner penetralia, and shook Kempshead warmly by the hand. He was introduced by that gentleman to Mr. Charles Peace.

"What shall we have?" said Kempshead. "A cup of green tea?"

"Yes, if you like."

"Two cups of green tea, Isaacson, if you please."

These were brought by a waiter and paid for by Kempshead.

Peace discovered that the so-called "green tea" was cold brandy and water, and he was informed by his friend that black tea, with sugar, was warm brandy and water, but in both cases the grog was brought in an elegantly-shaped cup and saucer.

Other refreshments were served in this delectable establishment, which was kept open, in defiance of the law, during the greater portion of the night.

It was a quiet, snug retreat for ladies and gentlemen who did not want to be seen in places of more public resort, such as the Argyll and the Holborn.

While Peace and his companion were seated at one of the tables, taking stock of the company, a private soldier suddenly entered the sacred precincts of this hallowed establishment.

The porter told him to leave—that he could not be served with anything.

The soldier was "half seas over," and, striking a defiant attitude, declared his money was as good as anybody else's, and that he would be served. The landlord came from behind the bar, and informed this valiant son of Mars that he was in a club-house, and none but members could be served.

This did not satisfy the soldier, who was disposed to be troublesome, for he was too powerful a man to be forcibly ejected, and of course everyone present dreaded a row.

A tall, gentlemanly-looking man, with the greatest composure, rose from one of the tables, and, walking up to the side of the soldier, whispered something in his ear.

The effect was perfectly magical.

From a lion the soldier became a lamb; he slid through the folding doors, and disappeared like a sprite in a pantomime.

"You possess a potent power," said Kempshead to the gentleman. "How did you contrive to tame the wild animal?"

"I merely mentioned the name of his commanding officer," replied the other.

The company assembled in the coffee-room took no notice of Peace or Kempshead, whom they doubtless looked upon as beneath them, and as there was nothing more to be seen they arose and took their departure.

They had not gone very far before they were brought to a sudden halt.

A fashionably-dressed woman, who was walking behind them, touched Peace on the shoulder; he turned round, and stared her full in the face.

"Well," said he, "what do you want with me?"

"Don't you know me?" cried the female.

"No, I can't say that I do; but your voice is familiar to me."

"Don't you remember Laura Stanbridge, Charlie?"

"Why, of course, mercy on us! it is a long time since I set eyes upon you. Laura, dear me—yes, I know you well enough. I haven't seen you for ever so long—not since you left Sheffield."

"No, not since I left Sheffield."

"I'll take my hook," said Kempshead to Peace. "You can follow me on to the hotel. I suppose you have met with an old acquaintance?"

"I shan't be long after you," murmured Peace.

"Right you are!" returned Mr. Kempshead, walking rapidly away.

For a minute or two after his friend's departure Charles Peace stood gazing at the features of the young woman before him. She presented altogether such a different appearance to the girl he had known at Sheffield that he stood wonder-struck, thoughtful, and irresolute.

"You've become such a fine London lady that it is not surprising I failed to recognise you when we first met," he said, after a pause.

"No, I'm a good deal changed, I've no doubt. And I've gone through a good deal since then," she said in continuation.

"Ah, no doubt. What are you doing now, and where do you live?"

"Not many minutes' walk from here. See me home, and we can talk over old times."

The girl put her arm in his, and the two walked on together till they reached a street in close proximity to Regent Circus. She stopped at one of the houses in the street, and gave a gentle rap at the door, which was opened by a neat, modest-looking maidservant.

Laura Stanbridge conducted her visitor upstairs, when the two entered a large and elegantly-furnished apartment on the first floor.

"Now, then," she said, "make yourself at home, Charlie. We are no strangers to each other, and I've got a lot to say to you."

Peace sat down, while his companion went into an adjoining room to take off her bonnet and mantle.

"She's a mysterious party," he murmured. "What can she be up to now, I wonder? Seems to be in pretty good feather, anyhow."

The girl returned, and sat herself down opposite to her male companion.

"Umph!" muttered Peace; "you seem to be flourishing, my lady—everything very comfortable, and all that sort of thing, eh? I wonder how it's done?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you've got a snug place, and seem to be doing it up pretty brown. Are you living here all alone?"

"No. I have a friend, a female companion, who shares the expenses with me."

"Ah, that's all right. I suppose a personal friend?"

"Yes; we work together."

"What at, if it's not an impertinent question?"

The girl burst out in a merry mocking peal of laughter.

"I've not seen you since I left Sheffield. Tell me, does any of our old pals ever mention my name?"

"Not one that I ever heard—not since you slipped away so cleverly. No one seems to have troubled their heads about you."

"Ah, people are soon forgotten in this world. You know my mother is dead?"

"Yes, I knew that long ago. My word! you had a narrow escape, my lady—were as near as possible being nabbed and quodded."

Peace had known Laura Stanbridge from her earliest childhood. She was a native of the same town as himself, and, like him, she was a lawless character. When but little more than a child she began to steal. Her mother had encouraged her acts of petty larceny.

When a little girl she had worked at one of the factories in Sheffield, and while thus employed she robbed her employer, who forbore from prosecuting her on account of her youth.

She was, however, discharged without a character; bad training, bad companionship did the rest, and she became an habitual thief, but, somehow or other, was fortunate enough to escape the meshes of the law.

Her last robbery in the town was of an extensive nature; it was carried out under the direction of a gang of thieves. Her companions in guilt were tried, convicted, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

Laura Stanbridge managed to escape by leaving the town in a clandestine manner.

She hastened up to London, where all trace of her was lost.

Since then but little was known of her, but without doubt she had been carrying on her lawless practice to a considerable extent in the metropolis and its suburbs.

"Yes, Charlie, I had a narrow escape," observed the girl, in a tone of exultation; "but it is not the only narrow escape I've had—not by a good many. But you know, old fellow, we've all our trials and troubles in this world. You've had yours."

Here she winked at her companion in a manner that was not in any way agreeable to him.

She drew her chair close to his, and took one of his hands within her own. She had the cunning of the serpent, for in some respects she had much of the fascinating powers which that reptile is supposed to possess; but Peace was not likely to be made a dupe of, as he knew pretty well the character of the woman who was so demonstrative.

"You don't forget your old companion? You don't forget the time when we were boy and girl together?"

"No, I don't forget, Laura."

"Then why this coldness?" she remarked, looking into his face with her soft, seductive eyes.

"Look here, old girl, I hope you have not brought me into this crib to make love to me. If you have, it's a bit of a sell, that's all I have to say. I shan't lose sight of you—shall drop in occasionally to see how you are getting along, for, as I said before, I wish you well."

The woman comprehended his meaning, and at once altered her tactics. She withdrew her hand from his, went to a cheffonier, and placed on the table a decanter of wine and glasses.

"We'll have a glass together before you leave," she said, in a careless manner.

"I have had quite enough already, but I won't refuse to take one glass—just to show that there's no animosity."

Peace remained for some time after this, giving the woman

a short but succinct account of their old associates at Sheffield. In the small hours of the morning he took his departure, and returned to Sanderson's Hotel.

* * * * * * *

Many days have passed over since our hero's visit to Laura Stanbridge.

Our scene shifts, and other characters appear on the stage.

It was evening in London.

A drizzling rain was coming steadily down; the pavement shone under the glittering gaslights as if it had been smeared with oil.

The streets were slush and mud, which a band of men in tarpaulin hats and coarse blue jackets were scraping to a heap, and piling in a cart with huge wooden instruments, half spade and half rake.

Although the weather was so cheerless, the streets were thronged with men and women, whose rapid movements and anxious looks explained that it was business, that patron saint of the great City, which had called them from their comfortable domiciles, their families, and their friends.

There was one, however, in the public thoroughfare who had no comfortable home, no family, and but few friends.

This was a wretched-looking boy.

He was standing opposite the Charing Cross Railway Station, not very far from the entrance to the Lowther Arcade.

The arcade itself was, as is usually the case in wet weather, crowded with loiterers, who looked at the tempting articles on the stalls, but did not purchase. They had, in fact, only sought shelter till the rain gave over.

Ever and anon an individual would emerge from the precincts of the arcade and hail a passing omnibus, which was, of course, full inside. The Metropolitan Railway had not at this time extended as far as Charing Cross, and the omnibuses had it pretty much their own way.

The boy, who was so heedless of the falling rain, had long, fair hair, which fell down upon his shoulders in clustering curls; his features were well moulded, and denoted a superior organisation to what one expects to see on those of the London street Arabs, who, as a rule, are common and coarse enough—indeed, they might have been esteemed handsome had they been fuller and less dejected.

His eyes were clear and grey, and were now fixed upon the pavement or upon what he was holding in his hands.

His attire was by no means becoming—he had on a dirty smock frock, which fell below his knees, as if to hide the corduroy trousers which hung down in rags, and which were splashed and encrusted with mud.

He held in his hands a large basket filled with birds' nests and thin, speckled eggs.

The boy was Alf Purvis, who had run away from Stoke Ferry Farm, and had been brought to London by the Whitechapel bird-catcher.

Alf's experience of London life up to the present time had been anything but satisfactory. His patron, the bird-catcher, during the period he remained with him, had been kind enough, but it happened, unfortunately for poor Alf, that the honest and industrious snarer of feathered songsters had a wife—and such a wife!

She was a termagant of the worst description. In addition to her many other accomplishments, she drank, and led her husband such a life that penal servitude was luxury in comparison to it.

The bird-catcher caught a severe cold, and fell sick; he sought refuge in the hospital.

After his departure, the wrath of his better-half fell upon the ill-fated Alf, who, in self-defence, was constrained to give the shrew as good as she sent. The consequence was that he was turned out of the house, which he was told never to enter again. Before this climax had arrived he had been scratched and beaten most unmercifully by his mistress.

In fact, he had been a source of incessant wrangling before the bird-catcher sought refuge in the hospital.

He had to shift for himself, and strove to earn a living by selling birds' nests and eggs in the street.

But, poor lad, he had a hard time of it. It was not, however, so much the hardships he had to pass through as the associates he was constrained to mix with, that formed the foundation of his erratic and criminal life.

It was still raining, and he was drenched to the skin. His feet were sore with walking, and every bone in his body ached.

He was sick at heart—felt fairly worn out. It was no use his waiting any longer in the streets—there was no one to buy, and nobody seemed disposed to give him alms.

Hunger was gnawing at his very vitals. He was supremely wretched—more miserable than he ever remembered to have been.

He walked slowly and sadly on towards Trafalgar Square. As he went along he counted the flagstones by way of amusement, if such a term could with propriety be applied to him under the present circumstances.

He arrived at the corner of Parliament Street. He knew that there were several low lodging-houses in the back slums of Westminster. He dreaded, as well he might, having to pass the night surrounded with the very dregs of society.

But there was no help for it. He knew that he must sleep, or try to sleep, or he would faint under his next day's work.

It is true he might go to the casual ward of the workhouse, but of this he had an instinctive horror. He had never been in one, but he had listened to the vivid descriptions of those who had.

He stood at the corner of Parliament Street, irresolute and chapfallen.

A man looked curiously into his face.

The boy raised his head, and saw two gentlemen standing by the side of him.

One of these was Charles Peace; the other, the friend he had picked up at Sanderson's Hotel.

"Birds' nests—eh, youngster?" cried Peace.

"Yes, sir. Do, for mercy's sake, buy some, either eggs or nests."

"I'm going to the theatre, my lad, and can't be bothered with things of that sort."

"Won't you buy?"

"No, certainly not. Where do you hail from?"

"Broxbridge."

"I thought so. Well, here's something to keep the devil out of your pocket."

Peace presented the boy with a shilling. At the sight of this he was in perfect ecstasies.

"Oh! thank you, sir—thank you!" he ejaculated. "May heaven reward you!"

"Shut up; that'll do," cried Peace, with a deprecating gesture; then he put his arm in that of his friend's, and the two walked away.

"He's a rare good sort—a stunner," cried Alf. "No nonsense or collywabbling about him; he outs with a shiner at once."

He passed down Parliament Street and bent his steps in the direction of Westminster.

Alf Purvis had waited patiently, like Mr. Micawber, till something turned up—the good Samaritan, who had relieved him in the hour of his despair, being, as we have already seen, our hero, Charles Peace. There was good reason for this.

Peace had been attracted by the boy, whose features were familiar to him. Upon a closer inspection he discovered that he was the lad whom he remembered having seen about the neighbourhood of Broxbridge during his sojourn in that locality, and hence it was that he had presented Alf with the shilling.

Peace did not care to make any inquiries as to why the lad was in London, as he had his newly-formed friend with him, and, therefore, contented himself by giving the much-prized coin. Had he been alone he would have questioned Alf, but, under existing circumstances, prudence directed that he should refrain from doing so. Peace at this time was passing himself off as a gentleman of independent means; to make use of a common phrase, he was "cutting a dash."

How long his means would last, or how long the character would suit him, time would show. He did the grand at this time to his heart's content, and half persuaded himself that the life of a gentleman was his proper and legitimate sphere of action.

Alf Purvis wended his way down Parliament Street towards Westminster. He was ravenously hungry, and upon his reaching Tothill Street his attention was directed to an eating-house on the opposite side of the way.

In the window of this the savoury steam from the joints proved to be too much for him; he crossed over and gazed wistfully at the dainties displayed so temptingly in the shop.

He entered and ordered a plate of meat and vegetables; these he devoured, as may be imagined, with infinite relish.

He next directed his steps in the direction of a well-known lodging-house situated in one of the streets leading out of the one in which he had regaled himself so sumptuously.

Upon his arriving at the establishment in question, he found that externally it did not present a very inviting appearance.

"Now then, young shaver," cried the man, "what's your pleasure, fourpenny or twopenny, eh? Twopenny, I suppose," he added, glancing at the lad.

(To be continued.)

footed, silent man, with stealthy tread and menacing mien. As the steersman turned his head the assailant pounced upon him. It was Tardy, the professed doctor, and in his hand was an open Spanish knife. Before Dolliver could speak or stir that knife was drawn across his throat, severing arteries, gullet, and windpipe at one slash. The sailor's body fell lifeless to the boards, deluging Tardy, who fell with it, in a fountain of gore.

Fore and aft the band set up a chorus of terrifying shrieks and yells, while Tardy raised a noise of thunder by drumming on a hatch with a capstan-bar. Those below sprang up in fright, dreaming that pirates had boarded their vessel, all thus falling in single file into the clutches of the murderers, who waited at the hatches.

The American carpenter came first out of the companion-way of the cabin, in his hand an axe. He came at a run, and Pepe, who promptly slashed his neck and shoulder with a cutlass, found his man no easy one to stop. The valiant craftsman reached the deck and turned bravely, wounded as he was, upon the miscreant who had taken him at such a cruel disadvantage. He swung his weapon aloft. Tardy snatched the haft from behind, and, slipping backwards, the American crashed upon the deck, half stunned. A blow with the axe upon the skull gave him his quietus, and this gallant fighter was no more.

The captain, hearing the uproar, tottered as quickly as his weakness allowed from his state-room. Felix closed with the skipper, bore him down, and with repeated stabs made thrice certain that Brightman was dead.

The Irishman, unarmed save for a jack-knife, tried to run the bloody gauntlet. Tardy's bowie struck in behind the ear before his foot had gained the deck.

On the forecastle Courro was at his favourite employment. The men tumbled up from below with a rapidity that taxed his dexterity as a butcher. The black cook, Gibbs, the first to issue, escaped with a flesh wound. Potter and Bicknell fell straightway to two strokes into the heart.

Robinson, divining the true import of the disturbance, cast himself through the large port of the cabin into the sea. Another seaman, who had been taking a surreptitious snooze in the galley, also dived hastily over the side. The mate, after a pause, during which he guessed that the band were busy with the dead and dying, skipped through the companion-way and bounded into the rigging. From that point of safety Dobson heard the agonising appeal of the drowning pair for a barrel, a plank, an oar, a thwart, something or anything to keep them afloat. The Spaniards heard and ran to the rail to jeer and mock the dying pleas of the drowning men. Deane and Robinson sank, and the mate's heart was sick within him at the inhuman callousness of the men-devils he had shipped without suspicion three days before.

With this crowning exhibition, the lust for blood seemed to be temporarily satisfied, for poor Gibbs, moaning on the forecastle, was allowed to bandage his wounds in peace. Ginoulhiac, who had discreetly returned to his bunk, was left unmolested.

Then Tardy turned to the mate, whom he descried hanging on to the ratlins, and ordered him to return to deck. The command was disobeyed. Dobson was wavering between the choice of sea and sharks or ship and Spaniards. Tardy's persuasions at length overcame his fears, and the mate descended. The pirate had realised that a navigator was needed, and that without Dobson he would be at sea indeed.

The four closed around and hemmed in the sailor as he stepped down. The promises of Tardy bade fair to be broken violently at any moment. Courro, Felix and Pepe, with murder in their eyes and dripping knives and poinards, itched to add one more corpse to the number of the slain. The ringleader began with a demand to know the whereabouts of their treasure-chest. With many indications of indignation, Tardy said that the skipper had declined all information and had sought to rob them. Quite a plausible story was constructed, with a circumstantiality worthy of a better cause. And, though it could convince no one, the shuddering minority of one had perforce to admit that in thus taking the law into his own hands, rather than in waiting for shore-going justice, Tardy was perfectly justified. As for the specie, Dobson could only say that he had not seen it since its lodgment in the captain's room on sailing. The weird committee meeting held under the flickering rays of the lantern on the main-mast ended in a manner agreeable to all concerned.

Drawing Dobson aside, Tardy undertook to treat him well and pay him handsomely, if only he would undertake to navigate the vessel across to Hamburg. There ship and cargo were to be sold, and each was to go his own way unmolested. In the teeth of superior armed force, compliance was compulsory. The mate made no bones about the bargain. All he craved was permission to regain his mattress and rest after the shocks and fatigues of the day and awful night.

All night the pirates held high carouse. Between bursts of demoniac song they looted the pockets of the dead, and rifled chests and lockers and cargo as they listed. The plundered valuables were lodged in a box in the captain's room, of which Tardy assumed control. When day dawned it found the scoundrels still flushed with rum and pride. They yelled exultantly at intervals, and sustained their courage by liberal use of the demi-john of spirits upon the hen-coop. Some caution marked their deeds even in the height of their excesses, for they cast away the corpses of the slain, washed the deck and bulwarks and rigging, which were plastered thickly with blood, and painted white the extensive blood-marks on the sails. The ship's papers were carefully destroyed, as was the American flag. Ginoulhiac was set to sew a Spanish ensign, while Courro painted out the name on the stern.

Be it noted that, with all their scrupulous foresight, the pirates failed to paint in another name upon the vessel, an omission that Dobson was careful not to remedy. As his three partners were no sailors, Tardy found it needful to revisit the mainland to victual and pick up a crew. Dobson proposed St. Mary's as a suitable port, and gave the course to bring them to that place. A couple of days spent in manœuvring against contrary winds drove Tardy to select another base. He declined the suggestion to choose Charleston or Savannah, where his face and record were familiar. Norfolk was selected, and a course laid for the Capes of Virginia. Tardy's proposition was for the ship to lie out in the great Chesapeake Bay, while he went ashore for men and food. Dobson demurred, fearing for his life if he were left alone with the hang-dog Spaniards, and Tardy registered his worthless vow to sink both men and ship if a hair of the mate's head was hurt.

Pilot-boats bore down upon the "Crawford" as soon as she neared Norfolk, throwing Tardy into consternation. He declined many offers, declaring that he was Hamburg-bound and knew the bay. Could anything set a small port agog sooner than the news of a spruce brig, nameless and pilotless, putting in for a crew? Very discreetly Dobson pointed out to the pirate the new risk he ran, and a pilot was at length taken, and the vessel brought within 100 yards inshore. The mate's decision was formed, and, with a cleverness that redounds to his credit, he prevailed upon the rascal to allow him to prepare the boat for the shore-going expedition. When the Spaniards were aloft, furling the sails as well as their clumsy landsmen's fingers allowed, the mate smuggled an oar over the side, dived into the dinghy and sculled feverishly for land.

Tardy's eye was upon Dobson in a moment, and the hopelessness of the position came home to him. To shout could only attract notice upon the quays. To put to sea was out of the question. Not a seafarer except the cook remained alive. Without a word, the scoundrel, fingers twitching and his brow beaded with the sweat of his guilty knowledge, went below. Into the state-room he strode, leaving his co-villains to their fate, and, seating himself upon the chest of loot taken from the dead, applied the knife to his own throat. There Tardy was found by the officer and boat's crew that were despatched at once from Fort Montreal on Dobson's information. The cook, the mate, and the passenger Ginoulhiac were detained as witnesses to appear before the court held by Chief-Justice Marshall, at Richmond (Virginia), on the 16th of July, 1827. On the clear evidence of these eye-witnesses of the atrocities, the Spaniards were convicted at once, and they met their doom upon the scaffold before August was out.

So perished ignominiously four of the blackest-hearted scoundrels that ever sailed the sea. Tardy's exploit set the whole Western world talking, and the horror aroused by this dangerous beast awakened the curiosity of the scientific. To determine the manner of man that he was, his skull was preserved and narrowly measured, and its details figure among the medical archives of his time. The bone betrayed the mind faithfully, as it proved to be of the lowest criminal type, helping to establish the fact, now well recognised, that there are heads whose configuration predestines their bearers to a life of criminality. Had a novelist crowded into one career so many lurid details of revolting sin, his readers must have congratulated themselves that no man so wicked ever lived. But Alexander Tardy is, unfortunately, no myth; he lived and—it is more comforting to reflect—he died, and his memory is unregretted

Murdered for "Muti."

"Potent spells of bloody characters
Call fiends and spectres from the forest's gloom,
And set the ministers of Hell at work."
—NICHOLAS ROWE, "Jane Shore."
Act IV., Sc. 1.

WHEN Farmer Kay, of Harding, Alfred County, Natal, rode from his homestead one bright Sunday in the early sub-tropical summer of 1898 to pay a visit to a friend, he was probably as happy and free from care as any man need wish to be.

Upright, honest, and inoffensive—as a fellow farmer remarked, "Not capable of cheating even a native"—Kay could look the whole world in the face. Business was prospering with him, and he was seriously thinking of settling his affairs and going home to his native city of Aberdeen to wed the young lady on whom his affections had long been fixed. Poor Kay! Almost before the short African twilight had deepened into dark, he was lying, a mutilated corpse, within a few yards of his house, the victim of as ghoulish and diabolical a murder as could well be imagined.

Umkwantshi, the chief of the tribe to which Mr. Kay's principal murderer belonged, gave the victim an excellent character, stating that he was a man who was always their friend, having many times lent them money and cattle. What, then, could be the motive for so foul a murder? It seems hardly credible, even to a colonial, but Mr. Kay was murdered by a fiend of a Zulu "witch-doctor," assisted by a pupil to whom he was imparting his nefarious arts, solely for the purpose of obtaining from his body a certain part which he looked upon as an indispensable ingredient for the manufacture of an unholy concoction which he termed a "love-philtre," the Zulu name for which, and for all "medicine," is "muti." This he proposed to retail to certain amorous youths, would-be Gay Lotharios of the tribe, as an infallible love charm, which would make them adored by all the dusky damsels on whom they chose to cast their eyes. Whether they or the deluded maidens had to swallow this delectable mixture, or whether they had to wear a phial of it round their necks, did not transpire.

The fact remains that on the night of Sunday, October 30, 1898, Kay was foully done to death and brutally mutilated by these bloodthirsty savages.

Umtanti, the "witch-doctor," who was the prime mover in the affair, unfolded his nefarious scheme on the Saturday prior to the murder to one young man whom he selected as a likely purchaser of his occult wares. To him he expressed himself as follows: "I have already obtained the blood and the fat of the man who sits over the fire; now I must have the fat and the blood of the man who walks erect out of his hut!"

These cabalistic words, being translated, signify that Umtanti had already murdered a native—"the man who sits over the fire"—who was referred to in this enigmatic manner owing to the fact that the entrance to the native huts being for various reasons constructed in such a way that nothing larger than, say, a mastiff dog could enter in an upright position, the occupier of the kraal must necessarily seek ingress on all fours, and everyone, of course, knows that the black man usually takes his ease "on his hunkers"—that is to say, resting on his heels.

The "man who walks erect out of his hut" naturally referred to a white man, and the nearest white man to Umtanti's kraal being poor Mr. Kay, he was selected as the victim. There is no doubt that besides the proximity of Kay's house to the native kraal, this inhuman perpetrator of sanguinary deeds took into consideration the fact that the white man's nearest European neighbour lived at a distance of four miles, and that his prospective victim kept neither dog nor rifle, and lived in an absolutely solitary fashion, probably considering himself perfectly secure from molestation in view of his quiet and inoffensive habits, and the high position he held in the regard of his native neighbours. What a fatal mistake he made the writer will endeavour to show, only, in order that my readers may fully grasp the credulity of the negro mind, I will mention now that Sikova, a man of some importance in Umtanti's tribe, gravely stated in court at the subsequent trial that in the tribe were "witch-doctors" who could make women bear children who would live for ever and not die! Small wonder, then, that this sanguinary medicine man could induce the young men to believe in the efficacy of the vile potions he called love charms.

On the fatal Sunday Kay returned to his farm at sundown. He kept two male servants, one of whom had been induced to go to a native "beer-drink" at a neighbouring kraal, while the other happened to be the son of Umtanti, the unscrupulous witch-doctor. Early on the Sunday evening, all plans having been carefully arranged, Umtanti arrived at Kay's estate, on the pretence that he had merely come to see his son. Soon after his arrival he was joined by Gomfi and Umbonwa, the two young would-be Don Juans, to whom he had promised the "muti," and another native, his pupil, who answered to the name of Sibalweni. It was just about eight o'clock, and they could distinctly see Mr. Kay reading by the light of a lamp. The four crept silently and stealthily to the hut, where Kay lay reading on his bed, and Umtanti leapt through the door and first plunged an assegai into his victim's arms, and then, assisted by the others, attempted to throttle him. The sturdy English farmer resisted fiercely, but was unfortunately rendered next to helpless by Umtanti, who pierced his side with the murderous broad-bladed assegai. The poor white man was gradually overpowered and carried outside his house for some little distance, and then Sibalweni, the witch-doctor's pupil, finished the ghastly work his ghoulish master had begun, cutting Kay's throat from ear to ear. Umtanti, having tasted and smelt a white man's blood, was now, intent on his unholy incantations, left alone with the dead body, while Sibalweni, with feathers in his hair, snorting ferociously like a wild beast, and brandishing assegais, was dancing a weird and fearsome war-dance round the dead man's house.

When the corpse was discovered later by the Natal police it was found that a large portion of the throat had been cut away, and an inspection of a wallet belonging to the witch-doctor revealed a grisly mass of coagulated blood, flesh, and herbs—a portion of the ingredients for the manufacture of the hideous "muti."

The scene of horror that took place that peaceful summer Sunday evening at Kay's farm may be better gathered from a graphic confession made by Gomfi, one of the young men involved.

It appears that Umtanti told him he was a great doctor, who could cure any disease under the sun, and who could, moreover, give him "muti" that would cause all the girls to fall madly in love with him. He said, "To-morrow, meet me at Kay's, and bring an assegai." He (Gomfi) told Umbonwa, and the latter agreed to accompany him. At sundown, accordingly, Gomfi took the assegai, and kept his appointment with Umbonwa, the pair then proceeding on to Kay's, where they met Umtanti and Sibalweni. Umtanti took possession of the assegai and went to Kay's bedroom, where Kay was in bed asleep, and so secure from harm did the poor chap evidently consider himself that the lamp was burning and the door was open. It was a balmy summer evening, and outside the sub-tropical moon made all as light as day. It was about eight o'clock. Umtanti and Sibalweni crept in quietly, and the two young men, Gomfi and Umbonwa, stood outside the door. Umtanti seized Kay and raised the assegai aloft. The victim awoke to his peril and called out in sudden terror, "Umtanti! don't kill me! I will give you money!" Then he cried out to his servants for help. Umtanti turned to the two young men, who were trembling in consternation, and said to Gomfi, "If you don't come and help you will get no 'muti.'" Then they went to his assistance as he was grappling with Kay on the bed. Umbonwa and he held Kay down, while the fiendish Umtanti stabbed him repeatedly with his murderous assegai. Even then this bloodthirsty vampire was not satisfied. "If you don't assist me in every way in this, I will punish you by making lightning strike you both."

They accordingly assisted the witch-doctor and his pupil

to carry their victim outside. Kay fought desperately for his life, hanging on to the door, and, wounded to death as he was, impeding his murderers in every way. The two chief actors took hold of his arms, while the young men, acting on instructions, held his legs. Umtanti said, "Carry the white man outside the fence—that is where I will get the medicine."

Kay was heavy, and put up a desperate struggle. He tried also to call out for help, but his life-blood was ebbing fast from the cruel assegai wounds, and his voice was as weak and feeble as an infant's. They pulled him through the barbed wire fence and left him there, apparently unconscious. Umtanti said, "Let us go to the bedroom; there is something I want there."

Arriving at the bedroom, Umtanti attempted to open Kay's safe. He turned it over, and they heard the money rattle inside it. He then found the keys, but apparently the seriousness of the situation was becoming more and more apparent to the two young men, as Gomfi said to Umtanti, "We came here for medicine. You have made us murder a white man, which is bad enough. We are not going to rob."

The witch-doctor fixed a baleful glare upon the frightened youth. "Boy," said he, "you are a fool. If we get this safe open we will all be rich." He made desperate attempts to get it open, but failed. Umtanti then said, "Don't be afraid. Now that we have killed the white man I shall be able to give you the medicine."

Then the young man, Umbonwa, who already had grave qualms of conscience over the horrible deed to which he had been an accessory, even though an unwilling one, said to the witch-doctor Umtanti, "You don't mean to say you are going to cut Kay up? You did not even tell us that you intended to murder him."

Umtanti's brutal savagery and utter callousness then displayed itself. "Which do you consider the more valuable," he asked of the trembling youth, "the life of the white man whom we have killed or the medicine I shall make from his body, which will cause all the girls to fall in love with you?"

The young man hesitated at first to reply to this brutally point-blank question. At length he said, "Very well, Umtanti. If what we have done this night is ever found out I should advise you not to attempt to deny it, for I intend, if I am caught, to confess everything."

At first Umtanti was rather taken aback, but eventually his diabolical ingenuity asserted itself.

"Umbonwa," said he, "if you speak like that to me we will kill you, and lay your body on the ground beside that of the white man, so that when the white man's people find you they will think that you and Kay have been fighting together, and that you have killed each other."

Gomfi was so terrified at the nature of the deed they had committed that he was absolutely incapable of speech. The dread consequences of their murderous act loomed largely before his mental vision, and he retired to some little distance from the scene of horror to decide upon a plan of action, leaving Umtanti and Sibalweni with the dead body of their victim.

The chief conspirator must then have dissected the throat of the dead farmer and taken from it the portion he required as an ingredient for his horrible "muti," for shortly afterwards he came into the victim's house, went to his bedroom, and proceeded to wash his hands, which were stained with the blood of the murdered man. The miscreant then told Gomfi and Umbonwa to go home and keep quiet tongues in their heads, and when the flesh he had taken from Kay's body was dry, and he had the "muti" prepared, he would bring it to their kraal and give it to them.

THE FOUR CREPT SILENTLY AND STEALTHILY TO THE BED.

Such is the history of this ghastly crime committed in the far-off Garden Colony, as related by one of the actors who took a part, but, luckily for himself, not the leading part, in the tragedy.

Kay's body was found by a young trooper of that splendid body, the Natal Mounted Police, who was patrolling the lonely veldt in the execution of his duty, and the horrible sight it presented gave him such a shock that for many nights afterwards he used to wake up screaming in terror—having seen the ghastly object again in his dreams. Eventually it got on his nerves to such an extent that he had to be sent away on furlough in order to dissipate the ever-present vision from his mind.

No less than seven arrests were made in connection with the murder, and the police had such a tremendous lot of evidence to sift and thresh out that the case dragged on for a very long time. The inhabitants of Alfred County, especially in the Harding district, in which the crime was committed, were thrown into a state of fear and consternation, and were afraid to stir out, especially after dark, without a

rifle in their hands or a revolver in their belts, for fear of meeting the same fate as befell poor, innocent, kindly, inoffensive Kay.

The trial took place at Ixopo, near Harding, and owing to the mass of evidence requiring to be sifted, as has already been mentioned, the verdict was not delivered until February 24 in the year following that in which the murder was committed, viz., 1899—a year that for weightier reasons than this trial will long be remembered by all the dwellers in the land of diamonds and dust-storms.

The jury, naturally enough, were quite unanimous in finding the arch-murderer Umtanti and his pupil Sibalweni guilty, and the two younger men, Gomfi and Umbonwa, they found guilty by a majority of six to three. In the case of these latter two the presiding judge said that it was no verdict. Once more the jury retired, and on their return, after an absence of fifteen minutes, they announced that they found Gomfi and Umbonwa guilty by seven votes to two. On this finding the judge first ordered the execution of judgment to be stayed for fourteen days, in order that the matter should

Cutting Kay's throat from ear to ear.

be argued before the Supreme Court, and then passed sentence of death on all the four prisoners.

This was subsequently commuted to penal servitude for life in the case of the two young men, who had not really taken any initiative part in the matter, but the ghoulish witch-doctor and his promising pupil paid the penalty of their rash act on the scaffold. Their execution provided a dramatic scene indeed. The inhabitants of Alfred County clamoured for the murderers to be executed as near as possible to the scene of the tragedy, and also, in order that the natives might be fully impressed with the punishment meted out to evil-doers of the witch-doctor's calibre, they asked that they might be allowed to execute Umtanti and Sibalweni in public. Permission was freely given, and as the fatal day was approaching the chiefs and indunas of all the native tribes received an invitation, or, to be more correct, a peremptory command, to be present at the last act of this ghastly drama.

Accordingly, on the day the execution was fixed to take place, behold the courtyard of the jail at Harding packed with a mass of open-eyed, open-mouthed Zulus, surrounded by a powerful posse of Natal Police. They gazed at the silent scaffold, and pointed out to each other in awestruck whispers the empty nooses hanging from the beam. Presently the bell tolled, and two small, shrunken, pinioned figures made their appearance, accompanied by Cheddy, the old hangman (a natives of India, by the way), who had this day a job after his own heart. No bloodthirsty vindictiveness was visible in the witch-doctor's demeanour now; instead, his lips twitched, his limbs shook as if palsied, and he muttered from time to time an inarticulate prayer to some deity or fetish of his own. The two murderers stood side by side on the scaffold, neither presenting at all a commanding appearance. Umtanti was only five feet and half-an-inch in height, and weighed but 90lb., while his pupil, Sibalweni, was only three and a-half inches higher, and scaled 98lb. The drop was fixed at 7ft. 4in.

The awestricken natives had had the story of the crime told them, and it had been made clear to them what the penalty was, and what they had been brought from their kraals to witness. Up to that time the African native absolutely declined to believe that white men actually did put a negro to death who had been sentenced to the last dread penalty of the law. They knew their fellow-men were occasionally sentenced to death, and they knew also that after sentence had been pronounced they never saw the culprits in their midst again, but that they were actually put to death they refused to believe. According to their notions, if a native was sentenced to death at, say, for instance, Durban or East London, or any town in the extreme south, he was kept in prison there for some time, and then smuggled away to Matabeleland or Mashonaland, or some other district of the far northern sub-continent.

They were to be undeceived this eventful day in Harding Jail Yard. The two small black figures remained standing on the drop with trembling limbs for the space of a moment or two, then Cheddy pulled the lever, the doors of the pit fell back with a dual clank, and all that remained to be seen were two taut and quivering ropes. But the astonished spectators were not done with yet. The front of the pit being boarded, they could not see the hanging bodies from where they stood, but they were made to come to the edge of the pit and look down on the two motionless, white-capped figures, and convince themselves that they had in very truth departed for the happy hunting grounds. Several of the younger natives fled in terror, but were brought back. All was not over yet. When the malefactors were cut down, the chiefs and indunas were made to come and gaze upon the two stark forms as they lay in their coffins, and convince themselves that they really and absolutely had, for their crime, suffered the extreme penalty of the white man's law.

Thus was the Garden Colony rid of a couple of as cold-blooded villains as ever existed, either there or elsewhere, and poor, innocent, mutilated Kay was avenged. The majority of my readers can thank the Divine Providence that they live in a land where it is, to say the least of it, extremely unlikely that they will ever be murdered for "muti."

Judicial Encouragement.

A RATHER severe judge, who shall mercifully be nameless, is recorded to have observed when pronouncing sentence of death upon a prisoner convicted of murder, "If guilty, you deserve the doom that awaits you; if innocent, it will be a source of gratification to you to feel that you were hanged without such a crime on your conscience. In either event, you will be delivered from a world of woe."

Humane Method of Execution.

JARLOCHKOFF invented an armchair in which the culprit is killed by an electric shock; another inventor has constructed a champagne bottle which is sudden death to the man who tries to open it; a third has patented a bath with a like deadly effect. For the noble cause of humanity we think ourselves justified in suggesting the following plan:

The prison warder enters the cell and invites its inmate in the strictest confidence to a family party, as he is short of a good dancer. The unsuspecting convict readily assents, and is introduced to the company as a distant relative. Rigged out in an evening dress suit, borrowed for the occasion, he enters the ballroom, where the members of the jury and other officials join in the dance. The execution may now be effected in one of the following ways: (1) During the cotillon a lady hands the culprit a decoration which is charged with electricity, and produces instant death the moment he pins it to his breast; (2) During a pause in the dance, lemonade is handed round, which suddenly terminates his existence as soon as he has tasted it; (3) At the supper table the chair in which the criminal sits is charged with electric fluid, and gently despatches him to the next world. By this means it is possible to fulfil all the requirements of a humane administration of the law.

DEVELOPING THE DETECTIVE

ONE writer who knows his subject from A to Z asserts with justifiable confidence that a fairly good police clue in the hands of a detective trained in the London force is worth more than all the teaching of all the psychologists in Europe. The human sleuth-hound of recent fiction has deluded a certain section of the public into quite another belief; but the fact remains that Scotland Yard, convinced by practical experience, has no use for hypnotists, mesmerists, and thought-readers in the general business of detecting criminals.

Whilst he was in the command of the Criminal Investigation Department Sir Howard Vincent tried the experiment of enlisting men outside the force to run evil-doers to earth, with the result that he was compelled to acknowledge failure. He found them too fantastical in their theories. Imagination must, of course, always play a big part in the making of a great detective; but the tendency of the possessor of this faculty undisciplined by practical experience is to let it run away with him. As a matter of fact, the Department is now recruited from what is known as the third class of constables.

The authorities are at great pains to assure themselves that they have secured the right men for the all-important services required of them. The aspirant is first subjected to a severe medical examination. How necessary it is that the constable should be sound in wind and limb it is hardly even desirable to contend, lest we insult the intelligence of our readers. Man for man the British police are the finest body of citizens in the world in the matter of physique and stamina. What country can show a sturdier crowd than the constables of London? They are the admiration of all the Continental Chiefs of Police. The American authorities have frankly admitted that they have much to learn both from our men and our system, faulty though the latter may be in certain details. Whatever defects there may be are mainly the outcome of our overwhelming passion for justice—a justice which errs, when it does err, in favour of the accused.

When the candidate has satisfied the doctor as to his physical fitness for the post he seeks, he is called upon to face the educational ordeal. He need not possess the qualifications of an Oxford or Cambridge graduate in this respect, although in our humble opinion he would make a better policeman if he did. But he must be well up in "the three R's." The knowledge of a language other than his own means certain and rapid promotion for him. This stage safely passed, the apprentice is drafted to the Wellington Barracks, there to be drilled into shape. Then follows a series of visits to the police-courts, where he acquires a knowledge of the methods of procedure of giving evidence and of conducting a case against offenders against the law.

This probationary ordeal got through, he is handed over to an experienced officer who shows him round the Division which is to be the scene of his future labours. The resorts of the criminal classes are pointed out to him, and he is initiated into the "wrinkles" which are to serve him in the discharge of his duty. Here his apprenticeship may be said to end. He is supplied with his uniform and his truncheon, and becomes a full-fledged policeman, ready and mostly willing to give his superiors a taste of his quality.

He has not long to wait for an opportunity to prove what kind of stuff he is made of, without yielding to the temptations which over-zeal occasionally puts in his way. A week's work in the East End furnishes him with a very liberal education, and when one considers the number of the pitfalls which lie in his path, it is truly remarkable how seldom he allows himself to slide into them. Firmness and vigilance, plentifully seasoned with tact, temper, and tolerance, soon carry him to the longed-for goal—the detective force, in which men of the calibre of Melville, Littlechild, Von Turnow, Greenham, Hagen and Jarvis have distinguished themselves after going religiously through the mill.

The detective constable is by no means overpaid. His stipend amounts to a modest £2 per week. On his promotion to the rank of a sergeant the £2 becomes two guineas to start with, with an annual increment which eventually brings up his "screw" to £3 1s. 6d.—a by no means extravagant remuneration for the difficult and often dangerous services which he renders.

The "plums" of the profession await the men who are promoted to the political department at Scotland Yard. Necessarily, they are detectives of the highest order, and of superior education. They are picked men in the severest sense of the phrase. To their lot falls the safeguarding of Royalty and high officers of State, the detection and arrest of anarchists, revolutionists, and similar wildfowl, and the investigation of charges of treason. They are in constant correspondence with foreign Governments, and are frequently entrusted with secret missions of the highest importance. This department enjoys the reputation of being the only one at Scotland Yard in which a liberal allowance is made for expenses. When a man accepts duty as a temporary detective, he is only allowed half-a-crown a week in addition to his wages as a constable, but the favoured and fully-fledged member of the important "Secret Service" is given practically a free hand in this respect.

A Violent Scene in Court.

IN the year 1873 a man named Robert William Jenkins was tried at the Lancaster Assizes for highway robbery with violence, and, being found guilty, and several previous convictions having been proved against him, was sentenced by Justice Mellor to ten years' penal servitude. His lordship was about to add something more, when the prisoner suddenly bent down, took off one of his heavy boots, and hurled it with all his force at the judge. The missile knocked the inkpot on the judge's desk flying, and bespattered the red gown of his lordship with the black fluid. As soon as the man had done this, and before a hand could be stretched out to detain him, he cleared the railing of the dock at a bound, and made a dash for the door. Jumping from seat to seat, he was at the entrance before anybody realised what had occurred, and, the big door of the court being open, it seemed as if Jenkins was about to make good his escape. One of the javelin men who was posted at the door, however, with great presence of mind threw his javelin at the legs of the flying criminal, and brought him to the floor with a terrific crash. Before he could recover he was pounced upon and secured. On being brought back before his lordship, the latter went on, as if nothing had occurred, "I was about to say, when you interrupted me, that on the completion of your term of ten years' penal servitude you will have to undergo five years' police supervision." Not a word did the judge say anent the assault or the attempted escape. It was afterwards discovered that Jenkins had badly sprained his right ankle when he fell.

The Biter Bitten.

A CERTAIN Dr. Waddy, having rendered himself very obnoxious to the rebels by his active loyalty during the Irish rebellion in 1798, and more particularly by having been concerned in the apprehension of a man—Bagenal Harvey, one of the ring-leaders—found it necessary for the safety of his life to reside in the old vaulted castle of Clonges East, where the entrance to his bedchamber was secured by an antique portcullis. Dr. Waddy had hitherto defied all the threats of assassination which were uttered against him from every side. A mendicant parish friar of Taghmon, of the name of Burn, visited the doctor at his castle, and was hospitably entertained at dinner.

In the evening, when it was time for him to take his departure, he begged to be allowed to remain, and, after some objection on the part of the host, he was allowed to sleep in a second bed in the vaulted chamber in which Dr. Waddy slept.

While the doctor and the friar were going to their beds the latter expressed great anxiety that his host should say his prayers, a duty which the doctor, who had been drinking freely during the evening, seemed inclined to neglect. In the middle of the night Dr. Waddy heard somebody drawing his cavalry sword, which hung at his bed's head, and immediately afterwards was attacked by the friar, who had arisen from his own bed, and was now endeavouring to murder his host. The latter had received several wounds on his head and arm, and at length the friar, supposing that he had accomplished his purpose, attempted to escape under the portcullis. Dr. Waddy, however, had just sufficient strength remaining to loose the cord which supported it, and it fell on the friar with such violence as almost to cut him in two, and he fell down lifeless into the apartment below. The next morning the body was found, and the servants, going into their master's room, found him covered with his own blood. Medical aid was immediately obtained, and Dr. Waddy was soon pronounced out of danger. A coroner's inquest was held on the body of Burn, and the jury found a verdict of "Accidental death."

BRUTAL ASSASSINATION

.. OF ..

MR. DUCK

- BY -

Jack Devine.

A MARYLEBONE MYSTERY CLEARED.

"The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught his God's skirts and prayed."
—ROBERT BROWNING, "Instans Tyrannus."

THE wind was howling through the chimney pots and blowing the waste paper and light rubbish of the streets half-house high on the early morning of Friday, March 11, 1864, and it was bitterly cold for the time of year. It had been a very boisterous night, not by any means conducive to loitering about the streets of the Metropolis, and all peaceful citizens, save a few cabmen, the constables on duty, and a few others whose work called them abroad, were at home, for the fireside or the warm clothes of the bed (to those who rejoiced in the possession of such comforts) were preferable to the cold, dismal streets.

In the then not very salubrious thoroughfare known as Circus Street, Marylebone, about half-past one o'clock on this particular morning, a miserable-looking, ragged man of about twenty-four years of age stopped at the door of a common lodging-house and hastily knocked for admission.

"Hallo! Is that you, Jack?" asked a stiff-built man, evidently one of the custodians of the place. "Well, I suppose you've got yer 'doss' money at last, now it's too late. There ain't a bed to let in the whole place; every one of the fifty-four is full."

"Let me in—let me in, guv'nor; I'm so jolly cold; I can't tramp it to-night. I'll pay yer the 'tizzy' just the same when I get some change in the morning. I can sit before the fire in the kitchen," pleaded the wretched-looking individual, whose teeth were chattering, and who was trembling in every limb.

"Wot are yer gittin' at? When yer get some change? Why, have yer been a-knockin' somebody down for a thick 'un, eh?" asked the man.

The young fellow started, and muttered out something about having been paid a "quid" by a laundress in Regent Street that had been owing him for taking out and fetching the washing. To prove that he really had the money, he pulled out the coin and showed it, and was immediately admitted, and he made his way down into the big kitchen used by the lodgers to cook their food and sit about the room, smoking and gambling and plotting how they should get their next night's "doss" and the meals for the coming day.

The common lodging-house in Circus Street, Marylebone, in the early sixties was not exactly what was then called a thieves' kitchen, but it certainly provided shelter and accommodation for a mixed class, and the man who had entered at this early hour of the morning was a very fair specimen of the habitués of this rough domicile.

His name was John Devine; but how he got that name, or who gave it to him, it is doubtful if he really knew himself. All he did know was that he could never remember his father or his mother, and that he had from childhood been left to fight the battle of life single-handed. The business—if business it could be called—into which he drifted was that of assistant to a "snob," or mender of boots, and he became pretty smart at the work. But he was an indolent young fellow, and preferred knocking about the streets and loafing about pubs. to sticking to the last, and in the end nobody would give him employment who knew about his habits. Consequently, he knocked up a square box, managed to get a set of brushes and a pennyworth of blacking, and, instead of repairing boots, took to polishing them. This lasted a very short time, and Jack Devine threw aside his tools and once more became the hanger-on and street loafer, known to every policeman in Marylebone and every potman in the district.

There was nobody in the kitchen when Devine pulled up a stool and table near to the fire; but from time to time he started and looked round, as if he heard somebody approaching, and his face had a terribly scared look upon it, blanched as if the hand of death had swept it, and his eyes seemed to have gone back into his head, and they shone with a strange expression. At length they closed, his head swayed backwards and forwards, and then gradually inclined until it rested upon his folded arms upon the table. He was asleep.

As we have said, the weather on the eve of and in the early morning of March 11, 1864, was, to say the least of it, very inclement; but "it is an ill will that blows nobody any good," and, consequently, during the evening before Devine's arrival at the lodging-house the public-houses were doing a roaring trade. At the King's Head, on the corner of Chesterfield Street and Little Woodcock Street, they were particularly busy, and, in one of the bars, exceptionally noisy. The evident centre of amusement and attraction was an old gentleman of about sixty years of age, who was apparently very well known to the frequenters of the house, and very much courted, for the simple reason that he had plenty of money and was liberal in standing drinks to those who pleased him.

The old fellow's name was Joseph Duck, and he had amassed a very fair fortune as a scaffold-builder, Dame Fortune having smiled on him throughout his long and industrious working career.

But, not very long after his retirement in order to take a well-earned rest, just at the time when he had made up his mind that the remainder of his life should be spent as one long holiday, his first real sorrow visited him. He lost his wife—she who had been his inseparable mate, and who had assisted so much to make his position. The death had taken place just three weeks before we find old Joe Duck drinking at the King's Head, and some said that he had never really been sober since the day of the funeral. Anyway, he was certainly what sailors call "three sheets in the wind" upon this occasion, and there being no fear of the "black list" nor the publican being in such jeopardy of losing his licence as now, the old scaffold-builder was allowed to drink on with impunity.

But it seems that he was at times a crochety individual, and it took little to upset him. Whilst standing drinks to some cabbies in the King's Head, a ragged young fellow, miserably clad, came in and said he was very hard up and wanted to make up the price of his bed. A few in the bar each gave him a copper, and at length he accosted Mr. Duck, asking him to make up the difference by giving him twopence.

"Not a d——d farthing," said the scaffold-builder. "Look here, Master Jack Devine, you're a lazy scoundrel, that's what you are. I've got you two or three jobs, and you never stuck to one. Go away. Walk the streets, and be d——d to you! Look here, mates. It isn't because I haven't got it. See here, I could buy the whole lot of you up."

And the silly old man threw down two sovereigns on the counter, but immediately picked them up and replaced them in his fob pocket. Jack Devine's face changed. Several emotions flashed across his countenance—hatred, avarice, and cruel determination were all there as he scowled at the old man, turned pale, bit his lip until the blood came, and hissed out, "Curse you, you old ——!" Then, turning to those who had befriended him, he changed his tone and demeanour, and said, "Thank you, gents; good night," and left the tavern.

Old Joseph Duck drank on until he was, to use a nautical term, "half seas over," and when the shutters were put up about a quarter to one (the "houses" at this period closing at one) he had had his fill. Nevertheless, he must needs take some gin home in a bottle. The barman served him with half a pint and some biscuits, bade him, "Good night," and let him out, the last customer, before closing the house. But the man who saw Mr. Duck out into the street to make

his way home (his house being in Little Chesterfield Street) did not observe a man standing back in the shadow of the house, although his deathly white face stood out even in the semi-darkness very conspicuously. All he saw was that his customer staggered off in the direction of his home. He did not see the figure of a man follow, with a cat-like step, the drunken scaffold-builder, nor the hand uplifted, holding an iron bar, which came down with a crash upon the old man's head, causing him to fall with a thud, senseless on the pavement. Nobody saw it. The streets were deserted, and the constable whose beat it was had been carefully timed.

As quick as an experienced pickpocket, the thief and murderer—for he had struck a fatal blow—with a sharp pocket-knife cut the fob-pocket out of his victim's trousers and secured the two sovereigns. Determined upon doing his business thoroughly, he took the silver watch, chain and seal, and, to miss nothing of value, undid the heavy black silk handkerchief from the old man's neck. And then he slipped off as quietly as a spectre. He had done his work well.

Five minutes later the constable making his round down Great Chesterfield Street. then into Little Marylebone Street, and along Little Chesterfield Street (which runs parallel with Great Chesterfield Street), saw a man upon his back on the pavement, his head towards the roadway. Throwing the light of his bull's-eye upon the prostrate figure, he immediately recognised him as Mr. Duck, and also saw at a glance that there had been foul play, for his head was resting in a great pool of blood. He tried to raise the injured man, who clutched at his cape and kept murmuring, "No, no, don't take them. You shan't have my two sovereigns. Give them to me, I say!" Mammon was foremost in his thoughts even to the last, and in vain the constable endeavoured to get from him how his injuries had happened and who inflicted them. Always the same response, "My two sovereigns—my two sovereigns!"

In a few minutes another policeman came on the scene, and they managed to get him to the police-station, where a surgeon dressed his wounds, and he was conveyed to the Marylebone Infirmary, where he never really gained consciousness, and expired at six o'clock the same evening.

"Who was the murderer?" that was the question next day. Nobody dreamed that Jack Devine, the ragged, loafing frequenter of public-houses, could be the man. He would possibly have been the last individual in Marylebone who would have been suspected of such a deed.

It was known as the "Marylebone Mystery," for days, and might have been to this hour had Master Jack Devine shown as much cleverness in covering his guilt as he had displayed adroitness in committing the murder and robbery.

But it would seem that he never made one single effort to mystify the police or anybody. Deliberately taking up his quarters at the lodging-house in Circus Street, within almost a stone's-throw of the place where the crime was committed, he spent money freely, and even pawned the black silk handkerchief. Not satisfied with incriminating himself in this deliberate manner, he went so far as to give a man named Hines, a fellow-lodger, the watch, the seal, and the chain to sell or pawn. He lived like a "fighting cock," and seemed to care not a rap about anything, never attempting to leave the neighbourhood. So indifferently did he regard the situation that when one of the lodgers read an account of the inquest, Devine exclaimed, "Oh! what villains they must be!"

CUT THE FOB POCKET OUT OF HIS VICTIM'S TROUSERS.

Of course, it was not long before the police had a warrant out for his arrest, and he was charged with murder and highway robbery and committed for trial.

The case was a matter entirely of circumstantial evidence, but so strong against him that there could be no doubt as to the verdict. Still, there was just a loophole of escape. Nobody had seen the act committed. He might have had the property given him to keep silent, for it seemed incredible that a man who had actually been guilty of the murder could be so foolish as to expose as his own the articles taken from the dead man.

Devine was tried at the Old Bailey, before Mr. Justice Willes, Mr. Giffard and Mr. Beasley being for the Crown, whilst Mr. Sleigh was, through the generosity of the sheriffs, retained to defend the prisoner. The trial lasted eight hours, and was more interesting than might have been expected. Counsel for the prisoner made a splendid defence, and depended entirely upon getting the benefit of a doubt. He quoted the following, which much impressed the jury:

"It is necessary to warn the jury against the danger of being misled by a train of circumstantial evidence," once

said Baron Alderson. "The mind is apt to take pleasure in adapting circumstances to one another, and even in straining them a little, if need be, to force them to form parts of one connected whole; and the more ingenious the mind of the individual the more likely is it in considering such matters to overreach and mislead itself, to supply little links that are wanting, and to take for granted some facts consistent with its own ingenious theories and render them complete."

A better fight was never made for prisoner than that made by Mr. Sleigh in a case where circumstantial evidence was so overwhelming. But, although it took the jury one hour and twenty minutes to agree, his plea was of no avail. The man was found "Guilty," and sentenced to death, but with a strong recommendation to mercy, the jury being convinced that Devine did not intend to kill him, but only to stun and rob the old man.

The judge forwarded the recommendation to the Home Secretary, and Sir George Grey replied, "There does not appear to be sufficient cause for interference with the execution of the capital sentence, the death of the murdered man having been the direct result of deadly violence, committed in cold blood for the purpose of robbery."

It was when Sheriff Cave conveyed this message to the convict that the unhappy wretch broke down. Throwing off his fortitude, his nerves, so to speak, snapped, and he realised his awful position, and that his only solace was in prayer, so, to use Robert Browning's words, which we have quoted above:

"The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught his God's skirts, and prayed!"

John Devine, after he knew his fate was fixed, confessed fully, but persistently declared that he never wanted to take the old man's life. He desired to stun and rob him, as he was in such a desperate state of starvation and homeless, and the deceased's behaviour in the public-house when he denied him a few coppers, but disclosed gold before his hungry eyes, made him mad for the time, and he scarcely knew what he did.

The execution took place before thousands of people, outside Newgate, on May 2, and the unhappy young man suffered little.

A RASCALLY lawyer was posting up a witness as to what he was to swear in a certain case.

"Ah, Mr. ——," said the witness, "I can't possibly swear that; it's against my conscience."

"And do you think," was the reply, "that I am going to lose my case because of your conscience?"

Romance and Tragedy.—Girl-Prisoner Who Fell in Love with a Magistrate.

IN his "Recollections" which Mr. Chichele Plowden, the Marylebone magistrate, published last year, there was a little story in which romance and tragedy are strangely blended.

A young girl, slight and graceful and daintily dressed, but in deep distress of mind, was placed in the dock one day charged with pilfering from Whiteley's. She was remanded and admitted to bail, but so sorely had her position affected her that she fell dangerously ill, and it was many weeks before she could again appear.

Then she had no defence to offer, and could only throw herself on the mercy of the Court. It was not difficult, says Mr. Plowden, to be merciful in such a case. She had been punished enough, and was discharged on her own recognisances to come up for judgment if called upon.

Four years later she again appeared in court, and sent up a letter to Mr. Plowden in which, after telling him that he had saved her life in not sending her to prison, she begged to be allowed to attend the court daily in the hope of being of service to any of her sex who might be in trouble.

For a few weeks the graceful little figure brightened the court with her presence like a sunbeam, and many poor women had reason to be grateful for her sympathy and help.

Then she grew restless, wrote many letters to the magistrate, which seemed to have no other object than to draw his attention to herself, and finally begged for an interview.

Mr. Plowden intimated to her that it would be wiser to put what she wanted to say to him in writing, and thereupon she sent him a furious letter, upbraiding him for his "hard-hearted indifference," and declaring that she would never enter his court again.

"Nor did she," says Mr. Plowden. "Within a fortnight the poor girl had committed suicide by throwing herself out of a window. She had been taken ill with influenza, which had affected her brain—never, I imagine, too strong. And so ended her tragic little life."

Leaves from Our Notebook.

Ancient Highland Oath.

THE oath used amongst the Highlanders in judicial proceedings under the feudal system contained a most solemn denunciation of vengeance in case of perjury, and involved the wife and children, with the arable and meadow land of the party who took it all together in one abyss of destruction. When it was administered there was no book to kiss, but the right hand was held up while the oath was repeated. The superior idea of sanctity which this imprecation conveyed to those accustomed to it may be judged from the expression of a Highlander who at a trial at Carlisle had sworn positively to an important fact. His indifference during that solemnity having been observed by the opposite counsel, he was required to confirm his testimony by taking the oath of his own country to the same. "Na, na," said the mountaineer; "ken ye not thar is a hantle o' difference 'twixt blowing on a buke and domning ane's ain soul?"

The Captain's Conscience.

"CRIMEAN SIMPSON" tells a "true ghost story" which has something weird about it and the accuracy of which was vouched for on the authority of the great Professor Owen. In his young days Professor Owen held the post of Surgeon to Lancaster Gaol. A negro died there, and Owen had to perform a post-mortem examination in readiness for the inquest. After this had been held the body was put into a coffin and the lid screwed down. Even in those early days Owen had progressed far with his studies in comparative anatomy, in which he afterwards became so famous. Here was a chance seldom met with to examine the brain of a negro and compare it with that of a white man. Owen was determined that, in the interest of science, he would not lose the chance. At night he made his way into the prison mortuary, carrying with him a black bag containing a brick. Quickly and dexterously the coffin-lid was unscrewed, the negro's head was taken out and placed in the black bag, and the brick took the place of the head in the coffin. Then the lid was screwed down again, and Owen, with his prize, left the prison. From the prison door to the street and past the neighbouring shops the pavement has a considerable "dip" or slope. The time was winter, and this sloping pavement was lumpy and slippery with snow and frost. Owen had not gone many yards before he slipped and fell, full length. The bag went from his hand, the head tumbled out, and rolled down the paved way. Owen jumped up, caught at the bag, and, following the ghastly head, clutched it just as it finished its run in a small tobacconist's shop. To push the head into the bag and dart from the shop was the work of a moment, and Owen vanished round the corner with a fervent hope that the head had not been seen or himself recognised.

On the next morning, as he went to his duties at the prison, he heard a call: "Doctor! doctor!" A woman at the door of the shop where the accident had happened entreated him to go inside. She wished him to see her husband, who was very ill. The man was ill. He was white and dazed, and trembling like a leaf. He had had a fright, his wife said, which had driven him nearly crazy. The man, it turned out, had been a sea captain in the West Indies trade. In the course of his career—not free from wildness and crime—he had had a hand in killing a negro, a fact which sometimes troubled his conscience. Only the night before he was sitting in his shop; all was quiet, the state of the weather kept customers away, and he got thinking of the negro. "Suddenly," he said, "the negro's very head rolled into his shop, right in front of the counter. It was followed by the devil, all in black, with a black bag in his hand. The devil snatched up the head, put it into the bag, and then disappeared through the earth in a flash of lightning." It took Owen some little time to get the conscience-stricken captain back to his usual state of health. It was strange that the head should have rolled into that shop.

REPLIES TO QUERIES

WIDGEON.—The scene of the Road murder is near Frome, in Somersetshire. Yes, the coroner was severely censured for charging the jury improperly.

J. RIPPER.—The Criminal Law Consolidation Act to which you refer is known as 24 and 25 Victoria, 1861. The law was further amended in 1867.

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